



Y. C. I.
Annual



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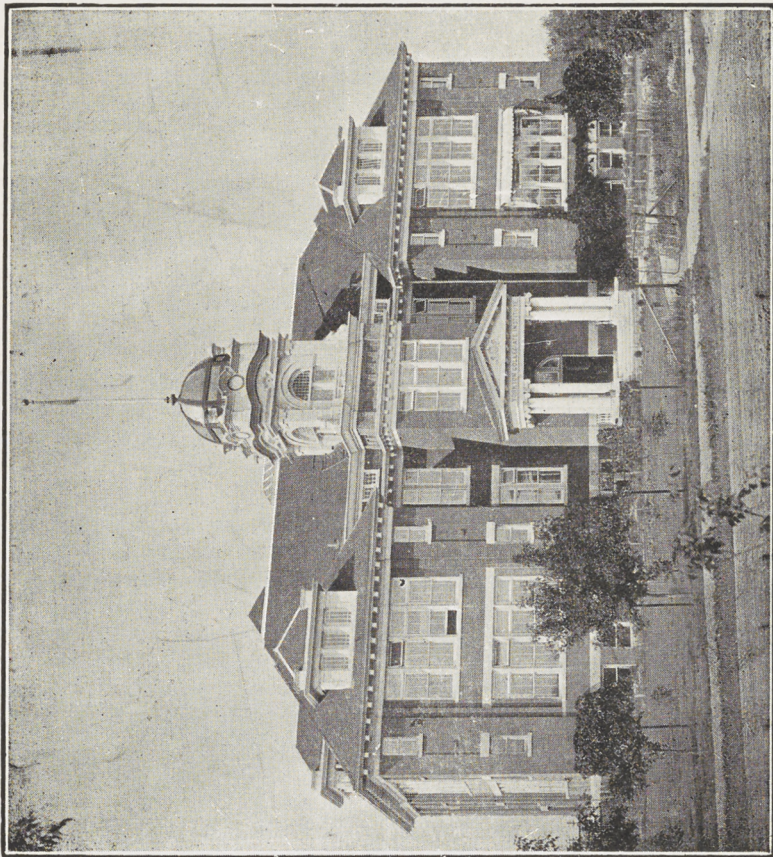
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Hudson's Bay Company.

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#35
JA



A Message From Dr. Brass



You as students of the Y.C.I. are no doubt keenly interested in the issuance of your year book. A record of the year's activities, it will be a treasure to this year's students in years to come and I feel it an honor to have been requested by you to participate in its production.

The Y.C.I. occupies a position of increasing importance in this community that is particularly noticeable in recent years, and as time passes if we are to remain a true democracy our educational institutions must continue to play a more important role in our community life.

An educated person should be free from every kind of prejudice, equipped to judge right from wrong and conduct his personal relationships with restraint and self-discipline. Such a person is of immediate value in any democratic community. It therefore should be the purpose of the Y.C.I. as far as possible to create in the students a desire for knowledge and provide them with the training and equipment to obtain that knowledge in order that such students may develop a well-rounded personality. To accomplish this it is also essential that a certain amount of humor and fun should accompany the studies as part of the development of each student.

A course at the Collegiate must, and will, widen the horizon of every student mentally and spiritually. When you as students pass on to further studies or out into active life, keep it ever in mind that, because of economic conditions, there are altogether too few of our young people permitted the privilege of attending our secondary schools. If in the future, you do your bit to widen that opportunity for all, you will help to create a better community in which to live.

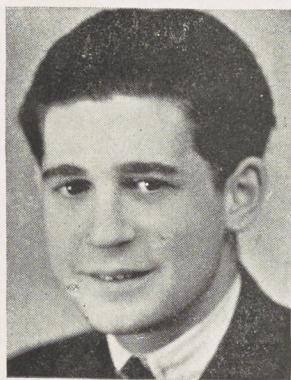
Here's hoping, then, that each one of you is studying earnestly, and further that you are getting real enjoyment from your studies, from your association with your fellow students and with your guides, councillors and friends, the members of the teaching staff. You will create in this way a bond of fellowship among all those connected with the Collegiate Institute, whether teachers or students, that you may carry with you and that will enrich your life in future years.

This year we have in our classrooms the largest number of students in the history of our Collegiate, many of our rooms being taxed to capacity. It is my hope that each and every one of these students will have profited in some way by attending, and taking part in the school activities. The individual student should have had an opportunity during the high school course to realize that his or her importance to society as a whole will depend not primarily on scholarship, but on the development of a well balanced personality. For many of our students this year will be their last in high school; to these I wish success in their chosen vocations. I would ask these students to remember that their real education is only beginning, and their future achievements will depend almost entirely on their own initiative.



R. M. BALDWIN

Some of our graduates may be called to distant countries to uphold the traditions of democracy by fighting for the Empire, others will be doing their bit on the home front. We know that great sacrifices must be made before the peoples of the earth once again may live at peace with one another.



K. CROLL, Editor

FOREWORD

With the hope that this Year Book may help you recall the happy friendships you formed and experiences you enjoyed during the past year, we give you, in part, a story of the school year 1940-41 at the Yorkton Collegiate Institute.

To our many contributors and ardent workers, we extend our appreciation

We have tried to include every phase of student activity in this book and we hope that this has been done successfully.



YEAR BOOK STAFF

4th Row: R. Clark, Mr. Penny, B. Breen, Mr. Bowering, D. Lehman, V. Small, F. Williams.
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 A. Bittner, M. Stephens, D. Jenner, C. Cowan, D. Sharpe, A. Gulka. 1st Row: M. Bretherton,
 J. Neal, M. Croll, G. Polsky, K. Croll, P. Shnider, G. Appleton, J. Stechishin. Absent: E. Dicker

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Valedictory

LOIS WAHN

The time has come for us to say farewell to Y.C.I. Some of us have attended the same public schools while others have come from different towns and provinces, but, working and playing together these four years has created an "esprit de corps" that speaks well for our Collegiate.

Life for us so far has been as a journey toward a mountain top. We have climbed to higher levels year by year, examination milestones have been passed, rests of shorter and longer periods have been enjoyed. Now we have reached a plateau from which we view the distance travelled, and the path we followed. Our guides and counsellors say,—

"We leave you here, others must take our places."

Some of us will strike out, trying unknown paths, others will take the steeper but the well-marked trails with guides from colleges or technical schools and there may be the odd classmate who waits, like Micawber, for "something to turn up." In whatever class we find ourselves, we know, that in the years to come we shall look back on our four years at this Collegiate as one of the happiest and most carefree periods of our lives.

As we see the distant horizon dimmed by a dark cloud of uncertainty and the sacrifice of war, we here pay tribute to the boys of the three armed forces who have been members of the Y.C.I. We are proud of every one of them and we will be prepared to take responsibility and do our bit for Canada and the Empire.

To our teachers as instructors and friends we are deeply grateful. You have been untiring in your efforts and have had faith in us as a class. We feel that your thought will be,—

"I know that they go toward the best, toward something great."

On the playing field, we learned the value of true sportsmanship. We watched the games at which our school teams excelled and learned that co-operation is the secret of enjoyable living. We found out also that we take good from life only in proportion to the effort we put into it.

I cannot close without a word of appreciation to all who made our education this far possible, our parents, the school board, citizens of this city, and many others. For your earnest efforts we thank you. We face the future fearlessly, knowing that—

"No long hope shall bring us to our goal,
But iron sacrifice of body, will, and soul."



R.M. BALDWIN
B.A., ACTING PRINCIPAL



R.R. WIGMORE
B.A.



R.J. PENNY
B.Sc.; B.Ed.

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B.A. (Hon)



C.B. STEPHENS
B.A.



A. J. BOWERING
B.A.; B.Ed.



Mr. S. W. Steinson, principal of the Yorkton Collegiate Institute, was granted leave of absence for the academic year 1940-41. Mr. Steinson has been taking a course in education at the University of California, Los Angeles. The students of Y.C.I. wish Mr. Steinson every success in his studies.

This year the Yorkton Collegiate experienced a sense of loss in the retirement of a former staff member. Miss May, after many years' service in the teaching profession.

Last June, as a farewell gesture, the students and staff assembled in the auditorium, and Kenneth Croll, acting on behalf of the student body, presented Miss May with a fitted travelling case. Dr. Brass also gave an address, in which he expressed the appreciation of the Collegiate Board for Miss May's long and splendid record of service.

The best wishes of the Y.C.I. go to Miss May and her sister in their new home in Victoria, B.C.

Dedication

Shortly after the printing of this book, the last examinations will have been written by many of our number, and the final hurdle cleared to the straight-a-way leading to the great outside world. Soon, events and incidents that have seemed of such momentous importance during student days will have faded into insignificance. The thrilling stories of athletic progress or of other accomplishments will call forth polite attention and smothered yawns and even the excruciatingly funny stories and ponderous words of wisdom of the teachers will have been forgotten.

So to those who are leaving our halls to return no more as students, we dedicate this Year Book, and regretfully say: "Goodbye and good luck." In the years they have been with us, they have contributed generously to the developing traditions of the school. In the years to come we are confident that their conduct will be such as to bring credit and distinction to themselves and to the reputation of the Yorkton Collegiate Institute.

Dull Days

BEATRICE HUEHNICHEN

The happy world today is clouded over
 With dull gray clouds so heavy, dark and cold,
 No sunshine comes to break their chilly drabness;
 It seems that they a melancholy hold.
 No birds sing out from under low-hung branches,
 No gleaming gems the dullened snow portrays;
 It feels as though the world is shrouded over
 To hide the brighter side of sunny days.
 It's hard to keep your chin up and keep smiling,
 When the world about in sorrow all is bound;
 And you really don't know what you're going to put down
 When the teacher passes foolscap all around,
 Your shaky fingers tremble as you wonder
 What the dickens that old formula can be;
 Yes it's hard in all this dullness to remember
 And be brilliant—you can take it all from me.



Canada at War

K. CROLL

For the second time in less than thirty years, Canadian Forces are again serving overseas. The Navy, the Air Force and the Army have but one goal—the ultimate defeat and destruction of the totalitarian forces which have so ruthlessly shattered our hopes for everlasting world peace.

Not only the men who have given up civil life to don the uniform of our country, but every man, woman and child must fight this battle if democracy is to withstand the forces boring from within. Canadian youth is rapidly learning to handle and use rifles, bayonets, and field guns, in order that they will be prepared should our government need them. Every male who has attained the full age of twenty-one years is willingly giving his time for a period of four months in order that he may learn the fundamental principles of modern warfare.

Civilians who are unable to actually participate in the battle are also doing their bit. Factories are being built, planes assembled, ships set afloat, munitions and supplies manufactured. This not only requires skill, but endurance. Our Canadians have in many cases taken classes, studied, and written examinations in order to attain the necessary skill, but their endurance is supported by the fact that we feel we are fighting a battle for our freedom.

(Continued on Page 58)

Y.C.I. Oratory Winner

The Y.C.I. Oratorical contest was held in the school auditorium on January 31, 1941, with eight contestants competing. The students, teachers, and numerous visitors were in attendance, and the different talks were enjoyed by all.

Miss Muriel Osborne, a grade nine student, spoke on "Roosevelt, the Good Neighbor," and was unanimously judged the winner.

The following is a list of the contestants and their various subjects:

Bruce Stewart—"Winston Churchill."

Muriel Osborne—"Roosevelt, the Good Neighbor."

Bill Fleming—"Our Great Northland."

Matthew Pacholko—"The Times are Out of Joint."

Betty Bissett—"The Battle of Britain."

Eric Nurse—"The British Navy."

Rita Lowe—"The Battle of Britain."

The judges were Brother Aloysius, principal of St. Joseph's College; Mr. R. J. Penny and Mr. J. Armstrong, both of the Collegiate staff. The talks were judged on the basis of forty percent for material and sixty percent for delivery.

Muriel went to Canora on February 4 to compete in the semi-finals of the Bryant Oratorical contest, and later to Saskatoon for the finals.



MISS M. OSBORNE
District Winner

The following is the text of Muriel's speech:

"ROOSEVELT, THE GOOD NEIGHBOR"

A good neighbor is well explained in the parable, "The Good Samaritan." A good neighbor is one who understands the other and through that understanding gives sympathy and help. This is true of the attitude existing between Canada and the United States. There is the understanding between Canadians and Americans that the democratic way of life is the only system under which people can live as human beings were meant to live. This absolute understanding enables the two nations to have sympathy with one another when serious trouble confronts them. That is the reason today, that President Roosevelt, his government, and the people of the United States show their regret for the people of the British Empire during their struggle to maintain democracy. It is not sympathy alone that our neighbors offer, but real action as well, by rushing aid in the form of armaments to our fighting men. Today President Roosevelt is the typical "Good Samaritan" to the British people who lay by the wayside after the blow of France's capitulation, but who, after being supplied with America's aid and kindness, again have risen to carry on, because their spirit can never be broken.

Roosevelt has always been a pacifist and has used all the influence within his power to prevent this raging war. He wanted democracy to prevail and to be enjoyed by all peace loving people throughout the world. His strenuous effort proved fruitless when the enemies' thorns of wrath and hatred pierced his hopes, and totalitarianism became the aggressor of democracy. Now that the struggle is on, his policy is to keep war away from his country and people by helping to make British victory possible. His strong determination and resourcefulness behind his policy is distinctly seen when he used the following words in his fireside chat: "All our present efforts are not enough. We must have more ships, more guns, more planes—more of everything. This can only be accomplished if we discard the notion of 'business as usual.' This job cannot be done merely by superimposing on the existing productive facilities the added requirements for defence." Thus the United States becomes the arsenal of democracy.

Roosevelt has displayed conspicuous outward manifestations of good neighborliness towards Canada in recent years. In most countries throughout the world the boundary lines are fortified with deadly weapons of war. No such scene can be found anywhere on the Canadian-United States border. Instead, in one part of the country the two boundaries were connected by a bridge officially opened by President Roosevelt himself; this bridge joining Ogdensburg to the Canadian side. Just as the bridge links up the two countries, visits made by Mackenzie King and our most gracious majesty King George VI unites the spirit and the sincere friendship of the gentlemen at the head of the governments. These visits are entirely friendly and each can grasp the others' hand in genuine international friendship and sense of goodwill between men, while the dictators' visits bring ill will between our nations and international gangsterism. A fine illustration of the frank neighborliness existing between our country and that of the United States can be proven by the two following unforgettable sentences uttered by Mr. Roosevelt: "The Dominion of Canada is part of the sisterhood of the British Empire. I give to you assurance that the people of the United States will not stand idly by if domination of Canadian soil is threatened by any other Empire." Truly, this is a real neighbor.

Perhaps if we look back a few years in Roosevelt's life, we can see why it is he has proven himself worthy of respect from Canadians. In the first place, he has descended from a fine class of people, the hardy English and the noble Dutch. The love of democracy is a common heritage to Mr. Roosevelt and it is the one main thing he, like other fair minded people, prizes more than anything else in the world. His prominent figure stands out in the troubled world today as a living example of modesty, loyalty, sincerity, and in short, the democratic way of life. Mr. Roosevelt's self-confidence has won him many battles which he could never have won otherwise. A distinct example of this characteristic was displayed when the confidence he showed in his will power defeated the horrible paralysis which affected his physical strength somewhat for a number of years. It is a wonderful feeling for us to know that whatever happens to come between us and our free life we always have a real friend to back us up in time of urgent need.

Mr. Roosevelt has vital interests in the present war, and his effort being put into the battle of the common cause is rapidly increasing every day. He has a good reason to hate "Hitlerism" with its ungodliness and ruthlessness, and he is stubbornly determined that no such rule shall ever dominate the New World, including Canada. Mr. Roosevelt is exceedingly fair-minded and his decisions about any question are not reached until he has carefully examined both sides of the proposition. This is no assumption but an established truth, proven by the sending of Mr. Wells to both the Axis Powers, and then to the leaders of the Allies, in order to gather from both sources the various view points they held regarding the international situation at that time. Evidently he shared the ideas of the democracies and began his urgent appeals for munitions as aid to the freedom-loving people who have now been heroically attempting to uphold righteousness, which our enemies are endeavoring to drag to the dust today, but this can never happen because the majority of the people in the world today know that Hitlerism is a degraded way of life; Nazism is beastly!

Mr. Roosevelt has made it clear to us why democracy can never die. In his third inaugural address he stated the reason, saying: "We know it because, if we look below the surface, we sense it still spreading on every continent—for it is the most humane, the most advanced, and in the end the most unconquerable of all forms of human society." The democratic way of life is a common heritage of all peace-loving people, and they are all firmly united under this belief. That is why democracy is strong. The spirit of the people supporting it may, under severe strain, bend, but never break, the people's will is indomitable.

There is one point which we should all be proud to admit. The best example of international friendship in the world exists right here between Canada and the United States. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the sunny south to the frigid north, dwell people with their minds and energies focused on the democratic way of life. The destruction of their next door dwellers is not their aim! To gain power by massacring the other fellow is not their aim! They want to make this world a place where people can live, and be happy and where their children, and their children's children can show to the world that there does exist such a place in the Western Hemisphere in a great place known as North America! As Canadians may we always be loyal, and remain steadfast to this noble tradition so that in future days our example may prove worthy of adoption by other countries in the world. We all have this responsibility. Don't let the teachings of the "Good Samaritan" down! Just as Mr. Roosevelt sets the fine example to us, may we all heed it and regard it seriously as something really worthwhile to hold dear.



The Guardian of Liberty

Walter Baldwin—1-A

In glorious England's bomb-scarred field,
Beyond the ever-lessening sea,
There stands the mighty oak of old,
The staunch old tree of destiny.

The little birds in branches wide,
Sit in fear, their song is hushed,
No tune of gladness, note of old,
Is wafted through the gathering dusk.

Darkening war clouds gather fast,
Sweeping o'er world its blighted light.
Bringing to democratic man,
His darkest day and bloodiest night.

But England, that mighty mount of hope,
That front line of humanity,
Stands lone, but solid as the oak,
And defies all Nazi tyranny.

The dastard who through Poland drove,
And through the Low-Land rushed his hordes,
Took France and Denmark's priceless herds,
And usurped Norway's great fiords.

That beast that ravages the child
And helpless tiller of the soil,
Who murders mothers, babes in arms,
Has met the one he cannot foil.

Through England's clouds still dark and black,
A ray of sunlight now steals through,
Horizons brighten, clouds roll back,
Oh English tongue this is for you.

For you heroic people died
Working or fighting as may be,
To save your pride, your home, your God,
So that your future sons be free.

The little bird his fear shall pass,
And sing his joyous note once more,
Mothers of refugees made glad
Their babes be safe at home as yore.

And tyrant who through wanton greed,
Thinks oaks and mountains to destroy,
Shall pass through valley's cold dark shade
Where songbirds sing no note of joy.

Portrait of a Hero

Rebecca Morrison—4-A

Down by the old red station, in a once fashionable but fast-decaying section of the city, stood a little florist's shop. Just around the corner the trains with their black monsters of engines puffed and grunted importantly and people bustled to and fro, intent on their pleasure or business, as it might be. Just around the corner was life, lusty and young, but the little florist's shop was not a part of it nor was Mr. Whiffle. But then, you couldn't imagine Mr. Whiffle and life in the raw having any more dealings than were absolutely necessary.

He potted dahlias and trans-planted geraniums with an efficiency that was the more remarkable for its exquisitely detached air. And detached he was, from all emotions and failings common to the vulgar herd. No one had ever seen Mr. Whiffle lose his temper or sneak into the back of the shop to listen to the Cincinnati Reds scalping the Tigers.

As far as his co-workers knew, he had no relatives, no friends and his only pastime lay in reading botanical tomes. His days were fitted into a pattern as exact as that of your kitchen linoleum. But, alas, he had caught the jaundiced eye of Fate, and she, whose delight it is to confuse the patterns contrived by little men, was already planning his undoing.

One dismal evening these plans came to a head. Mr. Whiffle was making his way to his boarding house from the public library, under one arm a treatise on plant diseases, under the other his umbrella, for he was not a person to scoff at the elements.

A dark sedan drew up to the curb and stopped. Two men stepped out, laid violent hold of Mr. Whiffle and precipitated him, umbrella, Plant Diseases, and all, into the car, which drove off as silently as it had come.

Mr. Whiffle, slightly shaken up and more than slightly dazed, spluttered a weak protest, whereupon one of the thugs (for such they appeared to be) pushed a gun in his ribs and snarled: "Pipe down, you rat, or you'll get the same as you gave Louie."

Unaccustomed to such treatment and fearful lest "Louie's" avenger decide to shoot, Mr. Whiffle shrank toward the other side. This was evidently a breach of etiquette, because the other thug, who was short, dark and possessed of a broken nose which gave him a most ferocious appearance, shoved another gun into the rest of his ribs.

"Where's the swag? Out with it, Krantz. We know you've got it," rasped the third of his new acquaintances, who was driving. "M-my name is Augustus J. Whiffle and w- who are you, sir?" quavered his unfortunate victim.

"Won't talk, eh? We'll fix that. Augustus J. Whiffle! Hah!" and there was a concerted snort of disdain at such a childish subterfuge.

Then they proceeded to go off into a long harangue about "Louie" who, it seems, had been "taken for a ride." The "swag" had been "hizacked" therefore he was to be "rubbed out."

Mr. Whiffle's educational impulses had not included crime magazines and Edward G. Robinson movies. He began to wonder if this were not all a bad dream or—and his eyes gleamed wildly—whether he had not been dreaming all the time and this was reality! Perhaps his name wasn't Whiffle at all! Perhaps—mercifully he was saved from further such speculations. The car stopped with a jolt and a screech of brakes. Mr. Whiffle lurched forward in his seat and stopped also, with a crack on the skull that knocked out of it any reasoning that might remain.

He was ushered out and hurried through a dark doorway and up a flight of stairs. After suitable precautions had been taken he found himself in the company of a fourth man, obviously a person of importance, who took one look at him and yelped furiously:

"You fools! That's not him." Who wasn't who? Mr. Whiffle didn't quite understand and wasn't given time to ponder upon. The thug with the broken nose made himself heard to the effect that he didn't give a d--n who it was, he wanted his pay. The other two backed him up and advanced in threatening formation. A shot rang out.

At this point Mr. Whiffle disappeared under a nearby table. He emerged just in time to hear the last groans of Red Heifel, Public Enemy No. 1, and to witness the exodus of two very unwilling mobsters from this vale of tears. The third was nowhere to be seen.

Mr. Whiffle gingerly picked up one of the still smoking weapons. It went off with a noise like thunder. Mr. Whiffle promptly fainted, to the tune of screaming sirens.

He sat up and stared stupidly about him as swarms of blue-coated figures filled the room.

Their leader approached him, gloating.

"What a haul! Public Enemies One, Two and Three! Three against one! How did you do it!"

Mr. Whiffle opened his mouth, then shut it again.

Reporters swarmed toward him; bulbs flashed.

"Your name will be spread over every front page in town, tomorrow, as a public benefactor. Any comments for the press?" And the "wave" surged forward again, notebooks in hand.

Mr. Whiffle's shoulders straightened, his hollow chest expanded, he announced in stentorian tones:

"You can quote me as saying that 'right will always triumph over might'."

The Heel of Victory

PEARL SHNIDER—4-A

The autumn moon rode high in the clear, silvery-blue sky, casting a white, ethereal radiance on the flat, sandy beach. As old Gaston trudged along towards the oil storehouses, taking the sentry his usual midnight coffee, he remembered when the winds blowing in from the Channel had been only fresh and invigorating where now they were sharp and biting cold. Winter would soon arrive in her symphony of gray and white, and the choppy waves would beat against the shore as relentlessly, he thought, as the giant British bombers did in their attacks. They had left about an hour ago, leaving havoc behind them as they went streaking across the sky towards the Dover coast.

"Mais oui! They are gone for now, but they will be back again tomorrow and the next day, and the day after that," he said to himself. "But our aeroplanes, ah! their term of use was indeed a short one."

At this point in his laborious journey, old Gaston stopped for a moment to catch his breath. As he turned his head towards the hill on which stood the fishing village of Villefranche, he saw a figure coming towards him, picking its way through the scattered debris, which was all that remained of a house which had stood there yesterday. It was evidently a young man, Gaston judged, and as the figure drew nearer he thought for a moment he recognized that proud set of the head, the lithe grace with which the person walked. But no! It could not be! But now the figure came bounding across the sand and there was no longer any doubt in Gaston's mind.

"Rene!"

"Father Gaston! Father Gaston!" the young man cried, embracing him. "I could not believe my eyes when I saw you."

"Rene, my son, how glad I am to see you." For indeed, Gaston had been like a father to Rene since his own father had died.

The old man gazed at Rene as if trying to read his face, to discover how he had fared during the last three eventful months. There were faint lines about the dark, limpid eyes, and the fine, sensitive mouth was drawn.

"Yes," thought Gaston, "he is a man now. He has grown up."

"How've you been Father Gaston? How is Celeste? Tell me of Celeste."

At the mention of Gaston's daughter, a strange, longing look appeared in Rene's eyes. These swinish Germans had parted them, but, please God, not for long.

"She is very well, my son." Then with a sly gleam in his eye, "She has completely forgotten you."

They both laughed, and Rene's heart leaped when he thought that tonight he would see Celeste again, after his weary months in the concentration camp.

"I am taking some coffee to the sentry at the oil storehouse," said Gaston. "They have moved into my inn, and now this catering becomes part of my compensational duties. Come, walk with me and tell me what you have been doing and where you have been."

And so they walked along, Rene slackening his pace to suit that of Gaston.

They talked of many things; of Rene's disappearance, his term in the concentration camp, of the hardships of the people, of the extreme alienism of the German invaders. To these peace-loving folk they seemed more like men from another world, rather than from another country.

"Ah! oui, my son, it is a cruel fate that has befallen us, but surely it cannot be for long."

They walked on together, but now not saying much. Theirs was a kinship of soul that did not need words to understand each others' thoughts. Now and then Gaston glanced up at the twinkling stars set like diamonds in the deep blue velvet of the sky. What these blustering men were trying to stamp out could not be killed; it was greater than mere mortals. The customs, the joys and sorrows of his peace-loving people had been transplanted from generation to generation, and could never be uprooted in one mad-man's lifetime.

Rene felt this, too. God seemed very near to them in the silence, broken only by the sound of the breakers on the reef, and filled them with a sublime hope for the future.

Then a cold hand brought them back to earth. The thick, guttural voice of Bruno, the German sentry, challenged them from the shadow of the storehouse.

"Who goes there? Stand where you are!"

"It is I," Gaston replied. "I bring the coffee."

"What kept you so long? Do you expect me to await your convenience? Next time, you old dog, you will not make the return trip, I assure you. Well, come, come, give me the coffee."

The two men now stepped closer, Rene with a dangerous gleam in his eye. Gaston placed a restraining hand on his arm. He put the can on a box nearby.

"Who is this with you, old man?" asked Bruno.

Carrying On

In our democratic school we learn to practice freedom in many ways. Our Students' Council is practice in democratic government; our Collegiate curriculum is practice in the freedom of choice; our sports, literary programs and social activities are all carried on under guidance without compulsion. We are learning to live as citizens of a democratic country.

Too much emphasis cannot be placed upon democratic education when our ideals are being so severely tested. Such an enterprise as this Year Book offers still another channel for the expression of individual thought, choice and judgment.



R. J. PENNY
B.Sc.; B.Ed.

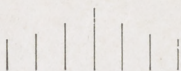


A. J. BOWERING
B.A.; B.Ed.

Twenty-four students—twelve of whom are in their graduating year, are associated through committees, with the work of this publication. Others have voluntarily contributed articles under the stimulus of this book. Our purpose has been accomplished if these students have felt new power in their creative work.

We believe that the enjoyment, the whole-hearted effort, and the freedom of thought and action that have been associated with this publication have not only allowed scope for the appreciation of democracy but have helped to foster a wholesome attitude among our students which is so necessary to maintain in time of war.

For the interest and inspiration given by our principal; for the financial support by those who have advertised, and for the co-operation on the part of the staff and students we offer our grateful thanks. To the graduates we say, "Accept your duties of the future with courage and at all times be prepared to carry on."



Manual Training

The Collegiate manual training shop is situated in the basement and contains twenty individual benches with separate tools for each bench. It has three power tools and has many conveniences for book-binding and metal work which are carried on during the three week terms. The grade 9 and 10 classes have been taking manual training from Mr. Stephens and are progressing rapidly under his guidance.

The grade 9 class commenced the year by taking lessons in drafting. In printing and drawing the importance of accuracy and tidiness was stressed. They drafted out diagrams of the wood-work they were going to do later on in the term. After they had completed drafting they began on wood-work. They learned how to care for and handle the tools in the shop, and how to measure and work on wood. Lately they have been taught the kinds of woods and grains in the wood as well as the uses of different types of wood. We are sure that most of the boys have benefited from, and feel thankful for these helpful classes in shopwork.



4a Highlights

- ANNIE ACHTEMICHUK: "Gladly would she learn and gladly teach."
 KEN CROLL: "Work, work, work—It'll soon be my middle name."
 IRVING GLASS: 'Tis true he sometimes breaks the rule
 Thou shalt never be late for school,
 But Irving has a winning way
 He's cheerful and pleasant all the day.
 MARGUERITE FARBACHER: Always neat, ever sweet,
 So petite, that's Marguerite.
 HARRY LARSON: High in spirit, great in thought,
 He's an example of our lot.
 MERLE MATHESON: "A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."
 EILEEN HOCKLEY: A little sauciness now and then,
 Is relished by the best of men.
 ANTON MUSHKA: A pupil who is never late,
 Has all assignments up to date,
 And never does he meet with woe;
 He's an A-1 student, don't you know.
 MARIE STEPHENS: She's just what she is, what better report?
 A girl, a student, a friend and a good sport.
 BURKE BREEN: Behold him busy in the lab.
 DONALD LEHMAN: We all know Don is not so slow;
 He knows when to stop and when to go,
 His shining eyes, his winning smile
 Make us remember that life's worthwhile.
 ERWIN ZIOLKOWSKI: A strong, silent man from Lemberg,
 A conscientious worker and student.
 PETER CHORNOMYDZ: "What is this life, if full of care,
 We have no time to stand and stare?"
 BILL BARRETT: A still and quiet conscience reflects itself in an amiable mien.
 PETER BAZANSKY: If silence is golden, Peter's on the gold standard.
 NESTOR ORTENSKY: He is haunted at nights by "cos and tan"
 And he shineth not in French translation,
 But he keeps the blackboards spick and span,
 A very commendable occupation.
 PETER DEAKOVE: "They also serve who only stand and wait."
 BETTE BAILEY: "A daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair."
 ANNIE HEINTZ: "She can be as wise as we,
 And wiser when she chooses."
 KEITH MILNE: Has been a patient in the Sanatorium at Fort Qu'Appelle for
 some months. Glad to know he is making good progress.
 JEAN STECHISHIN: "Not only to be good but lovable."
 ELAINE FISHER: "Why should life all labor be?"
 PEARL SHNIDER: Type of her sex in wit and fun.
 Holds everything with ease, except her tongue.
 REBECCA MORRISON: If to her share some female errors fall,
 Look on her face and you'll forgive 'em all.
 WALTER KOZACHENKO: I love work, it fascinates me,
 I could sit and look at it all day.
 FRANK PRIESTLY: Well then I do plainly see,
 This busy world and I will ne'er agree.
 MAC SOMMERS: There's no art to find the mind's construction in the face.
 BETTY PAGE: She's pretty to walk with,
 And witty to talk with,
 And pleasant, too, to think on.

(Continued on Page 46)



4b Communique

PETER GALETA: May be distinguished from Peter's "B". "C" and "D" by his curly locks and beaming smile. Peter wants to be a druggist. He is a good student and a real gentleman.

EVELYN DRYSDALE: is a real little brunette about five feet high, but she's all there. She is interested in sports and likes dancing. Evelyn is one of the many to-be nurses.

MARTIN WEST: commonly known as "Greek", has one of Y.C.I.'s biggest smiles. He can't understand why the girls are always cold.

EDNA MORRISON: hails from Hazeldell. Her ambition is to go to Normal in Saskatoon next year. Best of luck, Edna!

JOY LOVE: Style, wow! . . . that's Joy. Big blue eyes, shiny blonde hair and a dimpled chin, that's Joy.

ANNE GORETSKI: is taking her second year at Collegiate. She is a good student. Anne's ambition is to be a nurse.

METRO HYDAMAKA: We can't get to know Metro very well because he never commits himself. Interest, just Trig, that's all.

MERVIN LIEBREICHT: Mervin is a lad from Ebenezer. He is always pestered by those girls but maybe its because he pesters them.

JEAN STEWART: Jean is our raring, tearing president of the Girls' Athletic Association. She hopes to go in training for a nurse. We wish her luck.

JEAN PARCHER: Who is that brown-eyed person who is the life of the corner? Who is that studious girl whom we see buried in books when the teacher is around? It's Jean!

MATTHEW PACHOLKO: Matthew is our big man from Jedburgh. We think he'd make a good politician because he's always arguing.

JOHN DAREICHUK: John shouldn't sit right behind Matthew . . . his views are not the same.

SHIRLEY COLEMAN: Shirley is that little girl at the back of the room. She's just full of a sunny disposition. Her favorite saying is. "I'll step on your face."

DOROTHY JENNER: is our athletic representative and she really knows her post. Her ambition is to own a red coupe.

DICK HURLEY: Can't understand how he's always late because he always leaves on time. A wizard at cracking jokes.

BEATRICE HUEHNICHEN: Beatrice tears up to the physics lab. as if she really likes it. We don't know what the secret is.

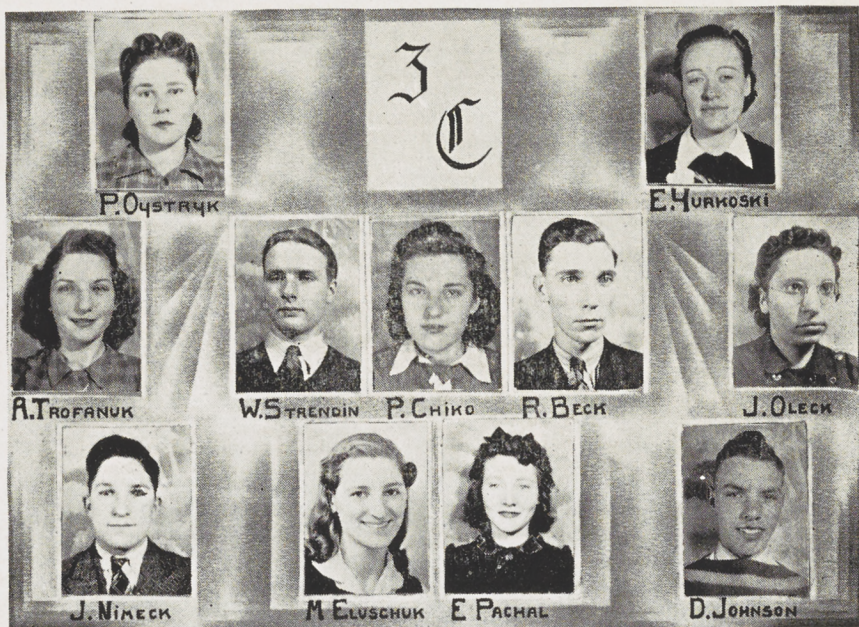
OLIVE SMITH: Olive is the pride of 4-B. Her ambition is to be a Home Economics teacher—or a contortionist.

WILMA BLACK: is a very quiet girl when she's all alone. She saves one spare a day to spend in laughing and talking.

MARIAN TRIPP: Blonde hair, blue eyes, pink and white complexion, splashy clothes; that's our secretary, Marian Tripp, or "Trippy." She is small but mighty.

ALICE GALLAGHER: You want to be awfully nice to Alice for some day in the near future one of your children may have to be taking orders from her. Yes, that's right. Alice, our little black-haired studious girl, is going to be a school teacher. We wish her the best of luck.

(Continued on Page 47)



Alma Mater

Poem—3-C

Miss Norman left us early in the year.
 Then Miss McLellan came to act as overseer.
 She soon found out it was quite a job
 To keep watch over the 3-C mob.
 First there's Mary Eluschuk in the front seat
 She'll make a good steno.
 'Cause she's smart and neat.
 Now Jennie Oleck comes from out Tonkin way
 She believes in the motto "Work and then play."
 Oh, there's Pauline Chiko, smartest girl in our class;
 Her alma mater is as clear as crystal glass.
 Pauline Oystryk, whose ambition is to marry,
 Will finally end up with some Tom, Dick or Harry.
 The teachers will say "this'll be easy for me"
 Because soon Dick Johnson will leave for B.C.
 3-C's glamour boy, Oh, that's Ross Beck,
 He gets here at 9.30; and sure looks a wreck.
 Eva Yurkoski is next in line,
 She comes dashing in at a minute to nine.
 The girl over there coming in at the door,
 That's Anne Trofanuk, the favorite of Mr. Wigmore.
 Then Edna Pachal greets us all with a smile,
 She decides to be quiet only once in a while.
 John Nimek gets to school at a quarter to nine,
 And tries to get his book-keeping done on time.
 Warren Strendin, is the cute little boy at the back,
 And brains is something that Warren doesn't lack.



FORM 4-C

3rd Row: V. Miller, L. Weidman, J. Darrach. 2nd Row: T. Patton, E. Markham, P. Appleton, G. Baldwin, D. Priestly, M. Halliday, Y. Blommaert. 1st Row: A. Mills, R. Beck, M. Scheller, R. Fisher, B. Langley. Absent: E. Halliday, M. Hanson, H. Malloff, M. Matthews, E. Morrison, R. Steele, A. West, M. Wolinsky, M. Yaremko.

4c Vignette

We are an inspiring class . . . our wagons are hitched to stars which beckon from afar off . . . but if these earth-bound wagon wheels insist on sticking fast to terra firma—can it be entirely our fault? We do our best—we hope—but at night our patient teachers go home quite worn out with the exertion of hammering such things as law, accounting and the exasperating curls of shorthand into our heads. At any rate, we admire them for their brave efforts. Now here we are:

PRISCILLA APPLETON: Blonde, beautiful and sophisticated—accounting and law do not bother her.

GWEN BALDWIN: Calm, unruffled, she faces the world with a smile.

RUTH BECK: The career girl personified. Personality—cheerful, happy-go-lucky, attractive and charming. Pet yearning—to throw a brick through a plate-glass window. Ambition—to stay single and earn \$100 a month.

YVONNE BLOMMAERT: 4-C's only book-keeping fan. We're proud of her!

JOAN DARRACH: Quiet, but with a fine sense of humor. She writes comic poems, too! Ambition—to land a job before too many exams land her.

MYRTLE HANSON: She's tall and determined, and unafraid. Myrtle's ambition? Why, didn't you know? To Kenny Baker—a private steno! Here's to your success . . . we envy you so

MAURICE WOLINSKY: "Maisie" to his friends and a great big laugh to everybody in general—when he's here! This fount of wit and humor spends his days doing as little as possible in the easiest way.

RALPH STEELE: Ralph was with us only a short time as he had to go back to Fort San. He was quiet and studious and we know his teachers thought him a model student.

ELIZABETH HALLIDAY: (Her friends call her Betty)—is tall and slim. She says her ambition is to get a job—and knowing her ability, we are certain she will achieve it.

(Continued on Page 47)



FORM 3-A

5th Row: J. Curran, G. Kozmecz, O. Yaholnitsky, W. Falwarczny, A. Watters, G. Rosch.
 4th Row: R. Robinson, W. Fenson, S. Chornomydz, W. Quinn, V. Small, P. Wildemann, B. Miller.
 3rd Row: N. Rosch, K. Matheson, D. Summers, W. Flemming, V. Weidman, E. Mikkelson.
 2nd Row: G. Hewson, D. Cromie, R. Segal, D. Mills, M. Marushechka, N. Beck, I. Martin, J. Clark.
 Front Row: E. Dunn, D. Sharpe, M. Reusch, R. Lowe, S. Wolinsky, J. Grazier, B. Barrett. Absent: T. Myers, P. Koroluk, E. Dicker.

3a Stuff and Nonsense

BERNICE BARRETT: Hobby and "stuff"—writing epitaphs.

NORMA BECK: Ambition—to own a gopher sanctuary. This makes us wonder —(if you know what we mean).

JACK CURRAN: Our sleepwalker extraordinary. Often wonders if he will graduate in time to be able to draw an Old Age Pension.

DAVID CROMIE: Algebra wizard and a great believer in the art of talking.

JACK CLARK: Imported from Verigin, Sask. A tricky guy with the gals (one anyway).

BETTY DUNN: A newcomer to our room. Ambition—to be a stenographer—time will tell.

BETTY DICKER: A blue-eyed "dameiselle" whose fair hair is always in place. Always asking Vic Small for answers (as if she didn't know them). Phone No. 777.

ARTHUR WATTERS: Dynamic backbone of 3-A, will one of these days surprise everybody by being on time.

VERNON WEIDMAN: Brilliant geometry student. Is trying to figure out a way to baffle Mr. Bowering. (Hope he succeeds).

OREST YAHOLNITSKY: (Yaho): Towering sports president. Draws enough aeroplanes to make Hitler's "Luftwaffe" look like a beginner. They're pretty good, too. P.S. All this happens in school hours, too.

GEORGE HEWSON: George is a cute little tyke—is a dreamer in his spare time. He should go a long way.

PHILIP WILDEMANN: A person determined to get an education. Go to it, Phil.

STEVE CHORNOMYDZ: His ambition is to be a lumberjack. Go to it, Paul Bunyan.

(Continued on Page 50)



FORM 3-B

(Note: Read from Right to Left)

6th Row: E. Toth, P. Deakove, G. Sereda, M. Reusch, J. Fisher, D. Sparrow. 5th Row: E. Fedoruk, G. Yaremchuk, D. Brice, M. Romaniuk, O. Schmuland, H. Clark, R. Pruden. 4th Row: E. Procyshyn, L. Prokapiuk, V. Ziolkowski, R. Zulyniak, M. Meek, E. Surgeson, M. Patzernuk, M. Blommaert, N. Gates, E. Goulden. 3rd Row: O. Pohl, A. Toth, D. Gibson, N. Myles, A. Hebert, F. Jaques, B. McKenzie. 2nd Row: R. Dulmage, M. Wasyliw, I. MacLeod, A. Schmuland, H. Zulyniak, V. Hoffmann, V. Demchuk, Z. Humeniuk, F. MacLeay. 1st Row: M. Ward, F. Mason, R. Gibson, P. Ward, I. Sharrock, D. Katzberg, A. Nikota, A. Gendur. Absent: M. Mackowetski, R. Rudiger.

Form 3b Froth

ELSIE PROCYSHYN: Blue-eyed brunette with a smile for everyone. Likes to talk a lot so fortunately for herself and others she sits way up at the front.

DAVE SPARROW: Chief interest in life—a certain young blonde in the class. Ambition—to sail the seven seas in the navy. Good luck in both, Dave.

HERBERT CLARK: Herbie's masterpieces on the blackboard show indications of his becoming one of Paris's fashion designers. He is also the room's best athlete.

DOROTHY GIBSON: Her pastime is seeing all the movies. Her otherwise peaceful school life is disturbed by the room's "Three Musketeers" who sit near her.

HELEN ZULYNIK: Very blonde with blue eyes. She is one of the very few who excel in French. Her chief aim is to be a stenographer.

PEARL WARD: Description—see twin Merle's. We wonder what causes that dreamy look when Ottawa is mentioned. Pet saying—"Gee, I'm hungry." She gives us all the laughs in class.

ISABEL MacLEOD: Known as "Mickey," wants to be a private secretary. She delights in reading all books except those she uses in school.

ANNIE TOTH: Sits right in front of Mr. Penny's desk. We don't know why, because she certainly doesn't need supervision. She is one of our brilliant students.

ADELINE SCHMULAND: Hails from Orcadia. Adeline is another of 3-B's bright students, especially in History. She is rather quiet.

(Continued on Page 48)



FORM 2-A

5th Row: K. Cromie, R. Stubenburg, D. Gibson, W. Pachal, L. Knoll, E. Pachal, K. Grazier, E. Nurse. 4th Row: N. MacKenzie, A. Logan, B. Capling, M. McMin, B. Thomson, G. Carpenter, J. Waterman, P. Larson. 3rd Row: C. Kuryluk, P. Spice, P. Malloff, M. Croll, R. McGlashan, C. Cowan, B. Parcher. 2nd Row: L. Wood, M. Breen, E. Woodham, V. Fenson, L. Schollie, G. Polsky, E. Pepple, M. Fritzke. 1st Row: M. Matheson, E. Tripp, H. Jaster, M. Windjack, L. Jonat, L. Painter, G. Appleton, M. Sopinka, J. Greenstein. Absent: G. Owen, E. Sparrow, R. Booth, J. Heintz.

Form 2a

GERTRUDE APPLETON: Better known as "Tudo"—has a habit of always being happy. (even in school hours???)

LORNE JONAT: "He wants to be alone," with Louis K.

MIRIAM BREEN: A good girl if we could only find out what for. Is called many "nick" names.

MICHAEL WINDJACK: Oh! For the life of 45 spares a week!

RENEE BOOTH: Very clever girl. Sits at the back of the room where she cannot be seen by teachers—but can be heard by all).

KEN CROMIE: The receiving end when words start flying.

BETTY CAPLING: Spends most of her school time passing time away in 4-A.

HERBERT JASTER: A wee lad, but size doesn't count.

CLAIRE COWAN: The brown-eyed Scotch lassie of 2-A. (Favorite saying — "Tudo, have you got the car?").

LAWRENCE PAINTER: Eat, drink, (water), and be merry—after I have my French done.

MERLE CROLL: Is going to be an advertiser—for Croll's—someday. Is it Broadway Store, Merle?

ROBERT STUBENBERG: He enjoys French and Latin.

MILLICENT FRITSKY: Gets good marks in all subjects. Has a habit of doing her own work which probably accounts for them.

BILL PACHAL: Ambition??? (censored).

VIVIAN FENSON: "Five foot two and a half of sunshine"—has a laugh all her own which is well known in the collegiate.

DON GIBSON: Work fascinates him—he loves to look at it.

JOSEPHINE GREENSTEIN: Very quiet, but all the same would be missed if she were not here. Worst time of day—Geometry period.

(Continued on Page 51)



FORMS 2-B AND 2-C

(Note: Read from Right to Left)

5th Row: M. Yaremko, P. Luchyn, G. Erichsen, A. Cross, C. Ross, R. Tunncliffe. 4th Row: W. Middlemiss, V. Jaster, K. Hickey, L. Smithson, I. Humeniuk, J. Fichtner. 3rd Row: J. Whitby, M. Steven, B. Loster, G. Markham, P. Krogel, M. Wiwchar, L. Grunert, E. Obodiak. 2nd Row: J. Rosch, R. Feingold, L. Rogan, L. Bartel, D. Culver, R. Kushneriuk, F. Nimeck. 1st Row: L. Hoodicoff, G. Sully, C. Feingold, S. Stearn, J. Ross, M. Bretherton. Absent: C. Pollock, L. Jansen, R. Techlenberg.

2c in 1960

Doreen is in Hollywood,
Yorkton's edition of Hedy Lamaar;
Cecilia is still trying
to become a movie star.
Rosalie is a kind nurse
dishing out castor oil;
The Lydia's are married
and watch the potatoes boil.
Fred is a banker
and owns the Royal Bank;
Gordon's his accountant
and has him for this to thank.
Paul is an undertaker
collecting all the dead;
Violet's a stenographer,
earning her daily bread.
Grace is an opera singer
scaring folks away;
Lorraine is still waiting
for the dawn of her lucky day;
Shirley's a violinist,
Oh! how that girl can play!
Bea is a reporter,
still blonde and dishing out sass;
Mr. Wigmore is long in Heaven,
through teaching the 2-C class.

Form 2b Personalities

- MAE STEVEN: President of the "Swingster Club." Tall, dark and handsome. Ambition—become a blues singer.
- GRACE MARKHAM: "Squeek" to you. We all tell her she's headed for the opera, but she prefers "Artie Shaw's Music."
- JIMMY FICHTNER: "Woman-killer." Goes for the older, more sophisticated type of girls. Says there's nothing like a good old-fashioned barn dance to lift you from the blues.
- DOROTHY CULVER: Ambition—to make some man a good wife. Her nimble fingers will make a second Paderewski some day.
- CLARK POLLOCK: The brains and ideas of the room. Pet expression, "Quiet, can't you see I'm thinking."
- BEATRICE LASTER: We're all anxiously awaiting the day when "Blondie's" name will appear in lights on Broadway. Incidentally, so is she.
- MARGARET BRETHERTON: "Torch" is struck on being an aviatrix but right now she's soaring sky high in the estimation of a little "fella" down in 3-A.
- ALBERT CROSS: Albert's ambition is to become a pro. in hockey but we see visions of his career being over when he is official water carrier for the bush league.
- IRIS HUMENIUK: Wow! Here's brains for you. You can't stick her on anything. Maybe its because she can resist the Bright Lights of Downtown Yorkton Nite Life to stay home and study.
- CECELIA FEINGOLD: Her favorite pastime is arguing with Mr. Wigmore. She hopes to get the best of him some day.
- ROSIE FEINGOLD: The other half of this striking pair of sisters, sure to come in at approximately 1 second to 9.
- LYDIA BARTEL: A quiet sophisticated brownette. She doesn't say much but we know that big things are going on inside that pretty head.
- SHIRLEY STEARN: She's a shrimp but as we all know, "Dynamite comes in small packages." Another Fritz Kreisler in the making. Ambition—to work in a drugstore.
- JOYCE ROSS: Five foot two, eyes of blue (green, grey). She's a so-called man hater. Maybe the right one hasn't come along yet. Ambition is to become a movie star.
- CARMAN ROSS: Our red headed glamour boy. Pet hobby—sitting up in the rafters at the hockey games to get a bird's-eye view. "Birds of a feather flock together."
- WALTER MIDDLEMISS: 2-B's clothes horse. Ambition—to become a model and advertise hair oil in "Esquire."
- EDWIN OBODIAK: The professor to you. Knows all, sees all, hears all, tells nothing.
- LORRAINE SMITHSON: Pet hobby—an easy chair by the fireside listening to "You are My Sunshine." She's a wizard at all sports.
- ROSE KUSHNERIUK: —Who said we haven't got a could-be glamour girl in 2-B? Frankly Rose is very quiet and we haven't found out her "heart desires." Maybe next year?
- PAUL LUCHYN: Ambition—to be a private secretary to Hedy Lamaar. Choice No. 2, May Robson. Dearest wish—to jitterbug with a mermaid.
- PEARL KROGEL: A little girl who thinks she's big enough to handle Joe Louis. We think she'd be good at writing "Goofy Gap." Maybe she's a good friend of the "Jeep"—Maybe.
- RAYMOND TUNNICLIFFE: A good marksman with a gun. Maybe we oughta turn him on "Adolphies."
- MARY WIWCHAR: Is kept busy making herself beautiful for some "Lone Ranger" in 3-A. The rest of her time is spent in making eyes at him.

(Continued on Page 52)



FORM 1-A

6th Row: S. Esopenko, C. Breen, G. Breen, E. Fedryk, M. Shnider, L. Harris, B. Dicker.
 5th Row: A. Lowden, R. Stout, D. Matheson, J. Castleden, J. Buckle, E. Silzer, L. Schmidt,
 W. Baldwin. 4th Row: H. Large, H. Moe, A. Pachal, R. Russell, M. Buckle, D. Weidman,
 M. Tedeschi, J. Grunert, C. Young. 3rd Row: D. Stephens, T. Waterman, R. Clark, M. Ficht-
 ner, R. Neelin, J. Carlson, M. Stewart, J. Smith, P. Carey. 2nd Row: E. Magrath, A. Bittner,
 N. Sawchuck, M. Rennie, M. Wellwood, J. Meyer, L. Feingold, G. McKenzie. 1st Row: E.
 McKenzie, J. McLeod, J. Neal, M. McCord, G. Stein, S. Feingold, C. Wolfe, G. Rosch.
 Absent: B. Christie, G. Brown, W. Langrill.

1a Splash

WALTER BALDWIN: Pastime—taking snaps, when not talking to Gerry.

ALICE BITTNER: Ambition—to be a nurse. With nurse Alice on the job we won't mind being sick.

CLARENCE BREEN: "Clarabell" isn't as big as his brother but that's not saying much. He and Don have frequent conferences.

GORDON BROWN: Favorite expression—"Aw nuts." Pastime—fighting with Jackie Buckle.

GORDON BREEN: "Slabbie"—where this nickname came from nobody knows. Pastime—making Don Matheson say "Ouch."

JACKIE BUCKLE: Pastime—fighting with Gordon Brown. Everything flies back and forth, including ink.

MADELINE BUCKLE: Pastime—Friday night dances.

JOYCE CASTLEDEN: Favorite saying—"Well, well, fancy meeting you here." Ambition—to be a newspaper reporter (or to win an election). She's always thinking up excuses to speak to a certain blonde.

MARION WELLWOOD: Ambition—to be Hitler's widow. Favorite expression—"for gosh sakes." Pastime—answering Joyce's notes.

DOROTHY WEIDMAN: Ambition: to grow another inch or two so she can join the Californian six-footer club. We don't know why, but she and Blanche are always laughing.

CORRINE WOLFE: Here's a blonde who had the measles. She missed a lot of school but I think she'll get along all right. She gave Wilma quite a scare with that disease.

COLIN YOUNG: Here is a smart member of our class. Pastime—using Ernest Fedryk for a smoke screen.

(Continued on Page 53)



FORM 1-B

5th Row: W. Sedlick, P. Jaques, W. Semans, R. Fisher, H. Weidman. 4th Row: S. Sorochan, B. Smith, W. Sorochan, J. Ferguson, W. Schaan, R. Hodson. 3rd Row: F. Oystryk, A. Pries, M. Osborne, R. Hemrick, J. Venton, T. Jennings, H. Betts. 2nd Row: H. Kramer, R. Rogers, A. Fandrick, P. Kramer, W. Venton. 1st Row: W. Andrusiak, V. MacDonald, P. Yeatman, I. Seaborn, A. Jaster. Absent: M. Botherway, E. Kurlick, P. Surgeson, R. McMillin, R. Meek, I. Gibson, G. Beck, T. Coghill, M. Dolney, L. Morosoff, I. Ferguson.

A Character Sketch of 1b

JEAN VENTON: We often wonder where the noise at the front of the room originates.

VELMA MACDONALD: She's small and sweet, and full of fun.

PAUL JAKUES: A mischievous type. His neighbors are never cold, because he always keeps them in hot water.

BOB MEEK: If Bob was as wide as he is tall, wouldn't he be some he-man?

WILLIAM SOROCHAN: "Where do we go from here?" (when working on a geometry question).

STEVE SOROCHAN: Better known as "Sarky." If actions tell a man, Steve should still be in rompers.

WALTER SEMANS: He must have been a beautiful baby, 'cause baby look at him now!

ALFRED FANDRICK: Alfred is our "Lefty." His laugh will tell when he's around.

PEARL SURGESON: She'd like to serve behind a counter, and we'll all bet that business will double for the establishment that hires her.

JACK FERGUSON: A Nelson Eddy, minus the voice and talent.

THERESA JENNINGS: The English lassie, who is very fond of 4-A. Why?

BILL VENTON: If everyone had as good a brother as Jean Venton, they'd really have something.

FRED OYSTRYK: The boy who delights in exhibiting the newest shades of fingernail polish.

JEWEL GIBSON: The jolly person, easy to know and like, but hard to leave behind.

TOM COGHILL: What room hasn't got a pest to make your temper fly?

(Continued on Page 55)

Law is Law!

By Walter Kozachenko

Squad Car 152 pulled into Snell Avenue and faced level prairie of Illinois, showing here and there a lonely house. This was the southwesterly limit of the Chicago patrol.

Carrigan, slumped on the wheel, driving mechanically, grunted, "Pull that box," nodding towards a police call box fastened to a post.

Mulvaney, rookie policeman of three days' experience, hopped out blithely and reported to his station. His face wore the grin of good health and high spirits. He climbed back to his front seat in the yellow police car and eased his long legs under the dash.

"I'm going to like this job," he said. "Riding around all day with a chauffeur and telephonin' now and then! Gives you an appetite. Swell job."

"Yeah?" said Carrigan.

"I'd like to live out this way," went on Mulvaney, his eyes sweeping the open parklike stretches. "Be swell, wouldn't it, to have a place with a garden, and raise your own vegetables?" He sighed. "Someday, if I can save up enough money, I'm going to buy me a place like that. A man ought to have a home in the country."

"An' get married, I suppose?" guessed Bill Carrigan listlessly.

Mulvaney looked straight ahead and said, "Yes."

Just then the radio broke into the conversation.

"Calling all cars! Since the stockyard fire, the Fire Department has complained about cars being parked in front of hydrants. Section six, City Ordinance eight. Orders to arrest any person parking in front of a fire hydrant. That's all."

Carrigan sniffed contemptuously.

Then, "Look!" said Mulvaney, pointing.

A new black Ford sedan was parked squarely in front of a fire hydrant. There was no one in it but there was a frame house where probably the owner lived.

"We'll nail that guy," said Mulvaney.

"Aw!" protested Carrigan. These parking violations don't stick to nothing. Let's go to the Greek's and get a hamburger . . ."

Mulvaney's mouth was set. "Law is law," he defined. "We'll get the hamburger later."

Carrigan shrugged. "Okay by me," he said.

The flivver slid to the curb.

"I'll go," said Mulvaney, "and give him a ticket. This ain't a two-man job. You sit here and rest."

Carrigan nodded and chewed his gum.

Mulvaney stalked to the house and rang the bell. No answer. He rang again. Still no answer. He'd try the back of the house.

He did, and a dark man rushed out, ran into his stomach, bounced off, and flung up a pistol he carried. The shot cut through his coat but did not harm him. Mulvaney punched him in the nose, sprawling him flat on the walk. He took away the gun and searched him. There was another gun, some Ford keys, some money and no papers. Mulvaney yanked the man to his feet.

"That your car out there?" he snapped.

"No!" spat the other. Mulvaney held him shackled. "You're under arrest," Mulvaney told him, "You pulled a gun on me, you little greaseball."

"Cut the comedy, flatfoot," exploded the man.

"I'll put the cuffs on you," decided Mulvaney, and did.

At that moment Carrigan came charging around the house at the sound of the shot. He didn't interfere.

The dark man had to submit. In sheer strength Mulvaney outdid him approximately six to one. Mulvaney tried the key he had taken from the man's pocket in the door of the offending car. It fitted. He hustled the other into the back of the car and sat with him.

"It's his car all right," he said to Carrigan. "He took a shot at me, Bill, and he had a second gun in his pocket. Bet he's a crook."

Carrigan wasn't greatly impressed. "We'll go back to the station and throw this guy in the jug . . ."

The radio cut him short. "Calling all cars! Pilger reported to be in this city. Killed a deputy sheriff in Elgin and made his escape. Reported riding in a blue sedan. Watch for this car."

"I saw one on Western Avenue," said Carrigan, "Let's go back."

"Let's book this guy first," said Mulvaney.

They rode in silence for a few minutes, then again from the radio. "Pilger reported to have killed a policeman in Hinsdale. Making for Chicago. Reported driving in brown Oldsmobile coupe. Rewards now total seventy-five hundred dollars for his capture. Stop all brown Oldsmobile coupes. Shoot to kill. Pilger is a killer. That is all."

"That guy changes cars too often," complained Carrigan.

And then the radio resumed: "Attention all cars! Pilger reported in Huntsville, in a tan Chevrolet sedan. Shot and killed the driver and left a green Hudson he had stolen in Elmhurst. Look out for a tan Chevrolet sedan. Illinois license. Morning Chronicle now offers five thousand dollars additional reward for his capture."

"I'd like to meet that guy," said Carrigan dreamily.

"Me too," said Mulvaney. "Boy! What a man could buy with twelve thousand, five hundred bucks!"

"Nuts!" said the prisoner viciously, "If Pilger had half a chance, flatfoot, he'd burn your liver."

"Yeah, greaseball? I'd smack him down. Shut up!"

The station was crowded with police and city detectives ready to go out on the greatest man hunt in the city's hectic criminal history.

As Mulvaney entered, there was a sudden tense hush. A lane opened as he marched his struggling but helpless prisoner to the desk. The sergeant stared.

"Huh?" he began. "What . . ."

Mulvaney grinned. "We got the radio orders, sergeant," he explained, "but this mug put up a fight—pulled a gun and took a shot at me. He had another gun in his pocket." Mulvaney laid both guns on the desk.

"You—smacked him down, Mulvaney?"

"Had to, sergeant—he pulled a gun and shot at me. Thinks he's tough, but he ain't."

The prisoner snarled like a trapped leopard.

"Shut up!" Mulvaney ordered. The prisoner obeyed.

A whisper ran through the group of city detectives. "Pilger! That's Pilger—the killer!" But Mulvaney didn't seem to hear it.

The sergeant heard it, however, and turned puzzled eyes to his latest rookie. He saw Mulvaney's grin.

"What's the charge, officer?" he asked gravely.

"Violation of Section six, City Ordinance eight, sergeant," answered Mulvaney. Incredible amazement shone from the prisoner's eyes. "He was parking in front of a fire hydrant."



STUDENTS' REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL

Back Row: Bruce Smith, Fred Williams, Eddie Mikkelson. Centre Row: Bill Pachal, Isobel McLeod, Ruth Tecklenburg, Arnold Lowden. Front Row: Marion Tripp (Sec.-Treas.), Lois Wahn (President), Maureen Gibson. Absent: Frank Priestly (Vice-President).

Activities of the Council

Has this year been a success? Looking back, I would say "yes". Considering the doubts that assailed the minds of the student body before nominations, you certainly wouldn't have thought it was going to be. To start this year off right we had to appoint an honorary president, and our choice was Miss May, who only a year before went to make her home in Victoria. Lois Wahn as president has certainly brought our ship into the port of success. The executive also have co-operated to the best of their ability to make the society all that it should be and so I think that the students cannot help but feel proud of their choice.

Programs this year were not put on by any special class but performers were picked for their ability. The quality and type of programs presented not only surprised the students, but the teachers also. Plays and musical numbers were in abundance and, for variety, moving picture shows and contests. The most outstanding program of the year was the Oratorical Contest. Certainly it caused a great flutter and stir and a lot of surprise and pleasure when Muriel Osborne, a first former, was announced the winner.

Another interesting program was of an impromptu type. The executive chose a list of students noted for their various abilities and warned them that they might be asked to entertain and to be prepared. On the day of the program the names were drawn by the president and those chosen were asked to come forward and present their entertainment.

(Continued on Page 39)



The Operetta

This year's presentation put on in the Collegiate Auditorium was a delightful operetta entitled "The Gypsy Troubadour." It ran two hours in an entertaining performance of dialogue, dancing, and singing. The humor of the dialogue, the rich fullness of the singing, and the rhythm of the dancing, delighted the appreciative audiences.

The members of the cast were: Todoro, the gypsy chief, (Dave Summers), Marko, the fortune teller (Bruce Stewart), Vario, the villain (Sam Esopenko), Rosita, the little dancer (Doreen Hickey), Janina, the devotee of Marko (Ruth Segal), Elena, Vario's little sweetheart (Lucille Feingold), Clare Clayton, the city girl (Marilyn Reusch), Henry Clayton, Clare's father (Paul Jaques), Mrs. Jean Jerrold, a designing widow (Norma Beck), Mary Matthews, a terrible talker (Marion Tripp), Nicoli, hero (Don Matheson).

Completing the background on the stage were members of the chorus, twenty or more of the gypsy tribe, in their gay and colorful costumes. The costuming was very effective and helped in giving a picture of the glamorous side of Gypsy life.

The heaviest part in the play was carried by Bruce Stewart in his role as Marko. His nonchalant manner during critical moments, and his humorous exposure of the secret ambitions of the visitors to the camp, called for admiring applause. Part of his success was due to that capable builder-up of Marko's self-esteem, the devoted Janina (Ruth Segal), with her oft-repeated remark, "Oh, Marko's a remarkable man." All the principal actors, ranging from the chief Todoro to the pliable little Elena, merited praise for their effective portrayal of the various roles.

(Continued on Page 39)

Graduation Party

On Tuesday, April 8th, we held our graduation dance, the grand finale, the most enjoyable dance of the year, though all the dances had more than satisfied the expectations of various students attending them.

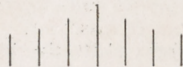


The collegiate staff, the school board, the graduating class and one invited guest for each graduate were guests of the Y.C.I. in the I.O.O.F. Hall. Long will this evening linger in our memory. An able committee under the leadership of Miss Munroe and Mr. Armstrong had decorated the hall. Festive streamers of purple and gold hung from the walls lacing and interlacing in attractive designs, while noise-makers, horns and balloons added to the gaiety. The guests were received by Mrs. Baldwin, Miss Falconer and our president, Lois Wahn.

Good music put everyone in a dancing mood and the fun increased in tempo. Outside passers-by stopped and wondered; then passed on, smiling.

The night was a night of nights. Girls in their new gowns—pink gowns, blue gowns, mauve gowns, and white gowns—many in their first formals, and all with the latest hair-do's, made a pattern of color as they waltzed, fox-trotted, swished and swirled. In the dances, everyone's taste was satisfied, even to that of the schottische fans.

(Continued on Page 39)



First Junior Party



On December 6th at 7.15 p.m., the Yorkton Collegiate Institute was a blaze of glory on the occasion of the first junior party of the year. It began with a picture show, "Swing It Professor." This comedy was greatly enjoyed by all.

At 9 p.m. when dancing started the first disappointment came. Only a few bold couples were seen on the floor. The next number "ladies' choice" was equally unsuccessful, but after a few attempts the ball started rolling, and the fun began.

Several teachers were there, some accompanied by their wives. Miss Bennie and Miss Munroe gave a few easy lessons in dancing to the boys, while the feminine section of the pupils found Mr. Armstrong an excellent partner.

Prizes of war savings stamps were given for a few dances. At 11 p.m. lunch was served.

This party, without a doubt, was a great success and compliments go to those helping to make it so. At 11.30 dancing was again resumed.

As the clock approached 12.15 the evening was brought to a close and all departed. The tables were turned. This party, which started out to be a dismal failure, turned out to be a successful affair and everyone there had a grand time.

“If” For School

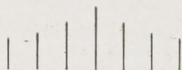
By Joyce Castleden . . . with due apologies to Kipling

If you can hear the whispering around you,
And never yield to deal in whispers too,
If you can bravely strive to do your homework,
And still not grouch 'bout what you have to do,
If you can keep that goal, for which you're striving
In front of you, from morning until night
And though at times it may seem ever widening,
Just keep remembering, it's just as bright.

If you can manage to be high in studies
And still have time to do well in the sports,
If you can study, when you start to study,
And keep your mind away from tennis courts.
If you can win, and still not grow conceited,
If you can lose, and still enjoy the game,
If you can meet with triumph and disaster,
And treat those two imposters just the same.

If you can listen wholly to the teachers,
And not to wise cracks set forth by your chum.
You'll find you've gained a lot before the finish,
And in exams you'll not be quite so dumb.
If you are ever in a spot of mischief,
Don't onto all the others shift the blame,
But tell the truth, own up to your wrong-doings,
The other course will only lead to shame.

If you can cheer your schoolmates on to victory,
If for your Form some honor you can win,
Don't leave before you turn to your opponent
And shake his hand, and smile a friendly grin.
If you remember not to get high-hatted,
It's not long since you left the baby spoon,
Yours is the world and everything that's in it,
And which is more—You'll be a scholar soon.



Timothy Titus

Norma Beck—3-A

I think, my cat, it's time you knew
Just what this person thinks of you,
In ancient days the cat was loved
And worshipped in an eastern court—
So you, with scratches on your nose,
An ear half off and running eyes,
Accept the care bestowed on you
As if it were your proper due.

Home Economics

By Doris Katzberg

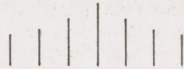
The home economics classes, under the supervision of Mrs. Stein, are nearing the end of a very successful year. The girls are taught everything a good housekeeper should know. The two main topics are cooking and sewing, but under these are such topics as the planning of menus, values of foods, and the planning of wardrobes.

The theory is taught in the classrooms, while the practical work is carried on in the modern home economics laboratory, situated in the basement of the Collegiate. This laboratory has twelve work tables, with separate stoves and equipment for each table. Several sewing machines were provided and some very excellent garments have been turned out by girls in all classes.



The special cooking classes carried on during the three-week terms are thoroughly enjoyed by the girls. The girls, then, take a hand at fancy and experimental cooking. Visits to the garbage can, here to deposit an occasional "flop," sometimes occur, but such things will happen.

Regardless of the vocation chosen by the girls in later life, this training will be of use to most of them at some time. The girls realize this and therefore greatly appreciate these classes in home economics.



Twenty-one Years Active Service

No Year Book, dealing with the Yorkton Collegiate Institute, can be complete without mention of our genial caretaker, Thomas "Tommy" Butterfield.

For the past twenty-one years "Tommy" has faithfully carried out his duties so that all might be in order when school was called.

In 1914 "Tommy" enlisted with the 5th Infantry Battalion, going overseas with it in the early part of the war. Prior to his enlistment, "Tommy" was a member of the Canadian Militia.

While in France "Tommy" was wounded twice. He holds five medals. These are:

- 1.—Three service medals.
- 2.—One Military Medal for bravery in the field.
- 3.—One good conduct medal.

Returning to Canada in 1919, "Tommy" took his position with the Collegiate on March 1st, 1920, fulfilling a period to date of twenty-one years of faithful service.

Beneath "Tommy's" gruff exterior lies a heart of gold and it can be truthfully said that every student in Collegiate counts "Tommy" as one of his friends.

A Freshette's Impression of Collegiate

By J.C.

With exacting clearness I remember my first day at the Y.C.I. I was awed by the large structure which was to be, for the next four years, my second home.

Now, as my first year of Collegiate life draws to a close, I can smile at the feeling of strangeness and insignificance which was so real and terrifying then.

Outside, the Collegiate is a place of beauty. Trimmed hedges, mown lawns, and well-kept tennis courts, all make any Y.C.I. student proud. Inside, the large, well-lighted rooms carry pictures of beauty, while the spacious hall holds a large collection of statues.

The first trip to the auditorium was a tiring, but novel experience. I believed, and still do, along with many other students, that it might be profitable to install elevators, and thus save the energy of the pupils and teachers.

They say it is not well mannered to boast, but when a school the size of ours is as fully equipped with laboratories as is ours, I wouldn't blame anyone for being proud. Take the Home Economics Lab., for instance, equipped with stoves, ovens and sewing machines, so the girls can take the household arts of cooking and sewing: a lab. that can compete with any Collegiate in Saskatchewan. In the Manual Training Lab., equipped with lathes, grindstones, a power saw and other tools, the boys take carpentry. Then the Chemistry and Physics Labs., all well-equipped to help the students grasp the work with greater ease and pleasure. Who can say that we have not the facilities with which to equip ourselves with practical knowledge for future life?

New and interesting was the first three week period, and I was pleasantly surprised at the numerous classes at the disposal of the students, and exceedingly pleased at the capable guidance of the teachers in their extra classes. I believe that ALL students benefit from these classes—the lower grades are given an opportunity to catch up, while the more brilliant ones are rewarded for their diligence.

When we see the Y.C.I. leading in sports we need only look around to see the reason why. Two well-kept tennis courts, a large rugby field, ball diamonds and a gymnasium. No wonder the Collegiate develops good athletes. In this environment we shall all have a practical knowledge of the common sports.

I have never ceased to wonder at the understanding and patience of the teachers in our Collegiate. They render their services to us willingly and often give up private pleasures to be of assistance. Any student who lags behind in his studies cannot, truthfully, blame it on poor teaching.

One thing that baffles me, is how the teachers manage to be just out in the hall when pandemonium begins to reign in the room. Surely they get tired of asking students to please lower their voices, or to stop their nonsense. I know I would. Recalling the time spent in 4-A after four, I cannot say that at any time was I wrongfully punished. I'll have to admit that I deserved it, and even if once or twice I was misjudged, there were other times when I got off without paying for my wrong-doings.

That, in brief, is why my heart surges with pride every time I look at our Collegiate, and why I feel that some day, I will look back on my Collegiate days as the best ones of my life, the days that prepared me for the problems of life and for the bitter blows to come. That is why I can say whole heartedly, three cheers for the YORKTON COLLEGIATE!

Activities of the Council

(Continued)

Another time the executive arranged a list of questions and had a quiz contest after the pattern of "Share the Wealth." Certainly the programs seemed to be greatly appreciated.

Mr. Tallant (well-named) deserves much credit for his talent in training the girls' choir, and both he and the girls deserve credit for the many lovely vocal numbers which they rendered at intervals during the year.

The number of guest speakers this year was not large, but the quality of the few made up for the absence of the many. Professor S. R. Laycock, Ph.D., of the University of Saskatchewan, gave an interesting talk on "Making Friends;" Mr. Martin, Inspector of Public Schools and Brother Aloysius of St. Joseph's College assisted with various cup presentations throughout the year.

With all the activity of programs and parties, the executive still found time to meet and do a great deal of work. Among other things, they gave a very sizable donation to the "Mayor's Battle of Britain Fund" and so now it seems that the school motto should be. "Thumbs up and three cheers for Winston Churchill."

The Operetta

(Continued)

Two stirring dances were given by various groups, one in the opening scene, and one near the finale, while in the first act a pretty solo tambourine dance was given by Doreen Hickey in her role as Rosita. The singing throughout was gay and sparkling, and ranged from the haunting melody of "The Gypsy Moon," to the jovial robustness of "Don't Try To Be What You Ain't." A number of solos, as given by Marilyn Reusch, Maureen McMinn, Doreen Hickey, and Lee Wood, held the audience entranced with their loveliness.

The operetta was introduced by Lois Wahn, president of the Students' Council.

The members of the staff helping in this year's entertainment were: Mr. R. J. Penny, dialogue; Mr. C. Tallant, singing; Miss M. Munroe, dancing; Mr. C. B. Stephens, Mr. J. Armstrong, scenery; Mrs. H. Stein, Miss M. McLellan, costumes; Miss F. Bennee, Mr. R. Wigmore, make-up.

Graduation Party

(Continued)

About eleven o'clock a delicious lunch was served by the members of the Collegiate Hockey Club assisted by five girls. Afterwards, dancing was resumed and the fun grew more hilarious. The novelty dance of the evening was a "ladies' broom tag" and the boys entering into the spirit of the dance appeared to enjoy it as much as the girls who, using a long handled broom, tagged a partner.

Just here, a word of appreciation is due to Mr. Park who in his customary pleasant and efficient manner acted as our Master of Ceremonies.

When the last sweet strains of "Home Sweet Home" had faded away, students rushed for wraps and our graduating dance became a pleasant memory.



GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Back Row: Marilyn Reusch, Edna Pachal, Victoria Wintonyk, Mr. Tallant, Lorraine Smithson, Ruth Dulmage, Dorothy Jenner. Front Row: Dorothy Weidman, Elaine Fisher, Jean Stewart, Diana Mills, Vivian Fenson.

Girls' Sports

Enthusiasm and keen competition marked the girls' sports for the year. From softball and field athletics in the fall to volleyball in the spring, the campus and gymnasium were scenes of excitement and good sportsmanship.

In basketball four junior and four senior teams, each playing nine games, showed flashes of real ability. The junior championship crests were won by 1-A which won seven games, with 2-B close behind with six wins. The senior champions were 4-B with eight wins, while 3-A came second with six victories. The high scorers in the junior division were Lorraine Smithson of 2-B with 131 points, Dorothy Weidman of 1-A with 122 points, and Jewel Gibson of 1-B with 120 points. In the senior section Lydia Katelnikoff of 4-B with 94 points and Ruth Segal of 3-A with 73 points were the leading sharpshooters.



The volleyball league was made up of six junior and five senior teams. The junior division was won by 1-A (1), with 2-B in second place. The 2-B girls had a better schedule record, but weakened in the play-offs. In the senior section 4-A and 4-B tied in the regular schedule, with 4-A winning the play-off game. The school championship crests went to 1-A (1) who won a close decision from 4-A in the finals. Thus the 1-A girls shone in both basketball and volleyball—a record to be proud of.

No great interest was shown in hockey this winter, but we expect softball to be as enthusiastically received as it was last spring, when three teams operated.



BOYS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

Back Row: Albert Cross, Mr. Stephens, Bob Fisher, Donald Lehman. Centre Row: Walter Kozachenko, Fred Williams, Orest Yaholnitsky, Martin West. Front Row: Herbert Clark, Don Matheson, Roy Robinson, Herbert Jaster.

The Boys' Athletic Society

The level of sport in the Collegiate this year has been quite equal to that of any previous year according to those associated with the many activities. Action has been the pass-word and good sportsmanship the motto, under the guidance of Orest Yaholnitsky and his Sports Executive.

For variety, the boys tried a new set-up in basketball. Six captains were selected who in turn chose their teams and managed a play-down. The captains were: Orest Yaholnitsky, Bruce Stewart, Herbert Clark, Bernard Barker, John Nimick and Irving Glass. Orest's team, the winners, did not lose a game, while the runners-up, under Irving, were beaten only by the undefeated team.



Volleyball, always a popular game at Y.C.I., took a prominent place again this year. The teams were arranged inter-form with the exception of certain players who were used to bolster teams. The schedule ended with 3-B on top and 3-A in close running for second place.

As soon as the weather was warm enough, the cries of "let's play ball" rang through the halls. As the Annual goes to press there are two schedules in operation. The baseball series, coached by Mr. Stephens, is attracting much attention with very close games being played; while the softball section, under Mr. Bowering, is also away to a good start—all teams trying to calm down the apparently super 3-B combination.

All in all this year has given much pleasure to everyone whether an active player or an interested bystander.



CITY BASKETBALL CHAMPIONS

O. Yaholnitsky, B. Stewart, S. Chornomydz, H. Clark, A. Yaremchuk, Mr. Stephens, R. Robinson, J. Nimeck, I. Glass, L. Weidman.
Absent: M. West. (See candid page).

Basketball

The Collegiate basketball team under the expert guidance of their coach, Mr. C. B. Stephens, completed a very successful season, winning the Wildfire trophy, emblematic of the City Basketball Championship.

During the regular schedule of the season they met defeat but once and were at the top of the league standing throughout. They thus obtained a bye into the league finals, their opponents being decided by a series between the Blackstone Bombers and St. Joseph's College which the College won.

The Collegiate boys won the first game by the score of 37-25 and although losing the second game to the College 24-34, they won the series by the total point score of 61-59.

The wearers of the Purple and Gold were fortunate in having Alex Yaremchuk, a graduate of two years ago, as assistant coach and guard de luxe. The boys and coach Stephens put in many hours of faithful practice and gave of their best at all times. Their success in winning the championship naturally brought much satisfaction to them and honor to their school.

Congratulations—City Champions of 1941.



Field Day Review

Sportsmanship and fair play were highlights of the field day held on the grounds of the Yorkton Collegiate Institute on September 27, 1940. Keen competition prevailed throughout all events as a result of careful organization on behalf of the teaching staff and athletic associations.

In the Boys' Junior Finals, Don Matheson of 1-A, with a total of 18 points, won a trophy. As a reward for gaining 15 points, Jack Clarke was presented with the Intermediate Cup. The highest record of the day was accomplished by Bernard Barker of 4-A who had a grand total of 23 points. This entitled him to the Senior Championship and the cup.

In the girls' final, Dorothy Weidman, a lass who is destined for greater heights in the world of sports, was presented with the Junior cup, having obtained a total of 19 points. She hails from room 1-A. In the senior group, Jean Stewart of 4-B, a winner of many previous honors, again came out on top, having been credited with the not altogether shameful total of 19 points.

At the end of the day, when weary competitors and jabbering spectators slowly wended their ways homeward, enthusiastic judges remained behind to add up the final scores. 1-A won the Junior Room Cup with a total of 94 points, while 3-A, after overcoming some very close competition, came out first with 142 points in the Senior Group.



Y.C.I. Rugby

"Throwing Passes with Stew."

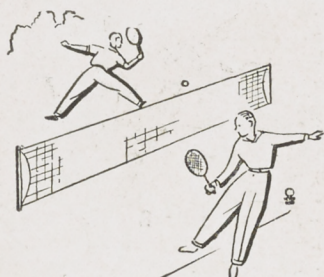
Shift, 108-72-66-hip. That was the familiar sound heard on the north side of the Collegiate every autumn day last year. Rugby was in the air and the Y.C.I. had another successful season with a school league, comprised of two senior teams and three junior twelves.

Besides the school league, a picked senior team from the Y.C.I. engaged the Melville High School twelve in a home and home series. The only dull spot to tarnish an otherwise bright and successful season was that Melville won both games. If we may offer an excuse for this twin defeat, I may say that the players on the Y.C.I. squad, for the most part, had never played organized rugby before and as for this year's team, I can convincingly say that Melville had better watch out. The scores of the two games were 15-0 and 23-11 for Melville.

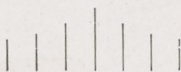
A lineup of the Y.C.I. players is: Wes, Fenson, Bud Miller, Roderick Jensen, Bruce Stewart, Orest Yaholnitsky, Herb. Clark, Jack Clark, Bernard Barker, John Nimeck, Kent Matheson, Ray Daniels, Ralph Patrick, Jack Curran, Eddie Mikkelson, Glenn Rosch. George Kozmeck, Walter Baldwin, Burke Breen, and Roderick McMillin.



Tennis



Flash! Here are the final results of the Collegiate tennis tournament held on Sept. 27, 1940. In the girls' junior finals, Lee Wood of 2-A came out first while Margaret Tedeski of 1-A held the honour of second place. Lydia Katelnikoff of 4-B topped the running in the senior finals, while Diana Mills emerged in second place. Leading the junior boys was Keith Grazier in first place and Raymond Hodson in second. Speedy Alfred Middlemiss of 4-A came out on top in the senior group after a close competition with Dave Cromie who followed in second place.



Curling

Every Saturday morning from late fall to early spring, saw numerous Collegiate students, who had braved the frost of early morning, gather at the City Curling Rink to show their skill (?) at curling. During the regular schedule, seventeen rinks participated in these Saturday morning games. Some sixty curlers, both boys and girls played a game every second week. During the first part of the schedule just ordinary draws were made up, in which twelve rinks took part. However, later a "round robin" was organized by Mr. Wigmore, who ably handled the draws throughout the season.

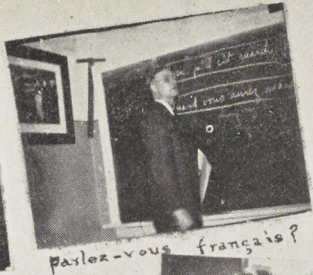


Towards the end of the season, a bonspiel was held, in which all rinks participated. The whole affair went off without a "hitch," again under the able direction of Mr. Wigmore. A good time was had by all taking part. There was a draw for winners and losers, the rink skipped by Carman Ross winning the first event, and that skipped by Bruce Stewart winning the losers' event. Carman's rink received beautiful silver cups, while Bruce's received crests and theatre passes. It might be said in passing, that many an "old-timer" came down to the curling rink during the collegiate bonspiel, to learn a few things. Whether they learned anything or not is a different question.

Several games were played between teams from Melville Collegiate and Yorkton Collegiate. Two rinks, skipped by Carman Ross and Harry Larson, were taken over to Melville accompanied by Mr. Wigmore, and each played two games. After the smoke of battle cleared it was found each team had won a game and lost a game. All were fairly even scores. You may remember a terrific blizzard not long before spring. That was the day these teams ventured forth to Melville. They went over by car and returned by train, leaving everyone "broke"—and wiser! There was also a rink from the Collegiate entered in the City of Yorkton and district bonspiel. The rink consisted of D. Brice, R. Beck, E. Mikkelsen and H. Larson. They won one game, lost six, but had a good time.



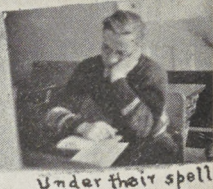
Finale.



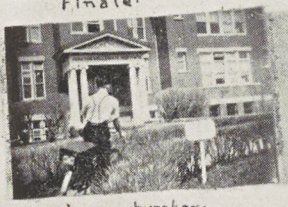
parlez-vous français?



A full house.



Under their spell



Law - breaker.



Fun.



Shoot!!



Remodelling.



"Bell's gone"



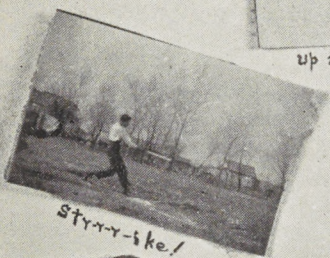
Up and over.



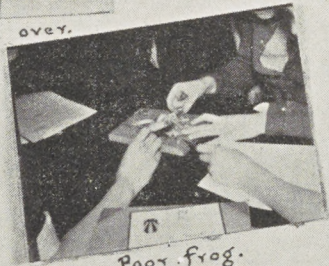
The Senior Prom.



"Hold it!"



Sty-y-ike!



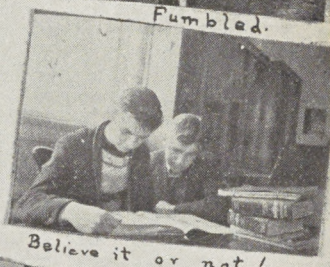
Poor frog.



Fumbled.



Enchanting.



Believe it or not!



A long stretch.



The experimenter.



The catch.



Back to...



The Heel of Victory

(Continued)

"I once lived here," spoke up Rene, and Gaston knew by his tone of voice that he was nearing the end of his patience, and remembering the Rene of old, "Come, my son, we must be getting back to the inn."

Bruno regarded Rene suspiciously.

"Watch your step around here, or you will find yourself in sorry circumstances, I assure you."

The things that this stocky, thick-necked German stood for shattered their dreams. The walk back to the inn was also a silent one, but now it was heavy with oppressive thoughts.

"Rene, my son, you must not take it too seriously. In a little while you will become accustomed to the changes."

"Father Gaston, when that dog talked to you like he did, I could have strangled him."

"Remember this, Rene, we can no longer accomplish anything by force. It would only be making trouble for all of us."

Rene vowed to himself that he would fight, that he must never be content to see his people downtrodden. It was only force that these brutes would understand.

But when they turned up the pathway overlooking the tiny cove, Rene awoke to a fact which, before this, he had been blind. A warm light poured from the front window, and he could see Celeste moving about within. He and Gaston stopped in front of the heavy door, turned, and gazed down at the sleeping village below them.

"Why, Father Gaston, how wrong I have been! They can't lick us! We can defeat them even though we no longer have the force to resist them!"

Old Gaston regarded the young man, fondly, seeing the awakening of his soul.

"Father Gaston, don't you see? Don't you understand, Each tiny cottage nestled down there is a tiny France in itself. How can they be crushed?" The words tumbled out. "They will go forever, and our belle France lives on, with them."

Gaston was silent for a moment. The peaceful scene below, accompanied by Rene's impulsive words, had stirred him deeply.

"My son," he said quietly, "as you say, there is something here which defies man to destroy it. It is the heart of a people. Truly, the heel of victory grinds men's bodies even to the grave, but the will of the conqueror can never bend their spirits."

And the heavy door closed behind them, shutting out the world.

Form 4a

(Continued)

MARY TROFANANKO: "Persuasive speech, most persuasive sighs.

Silence that spoke and eloquence of eyes."

VICTORIA WINTONYK: A safe companion and an easy friend.

LESLIE BROWN: A face deceptively bland, a wit sharper than a cracked whip.

LOIS WAHN: "To him that hath shall be given." Lois's many talents will reap rich rewards.

ANN KADESCHUK: "A smile for all, a welcome glad,
A winsome coaxing way she had."

MARY NIKOTA: Blessed are they of cheerful countenance for they shall never lack friends.

IKE GILLARD: Ready in heart and ready in hand.

MARY SILZER: "Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain."

BOB FICHTNER: If I could drop six subjects I think I could manage.

Form 4a

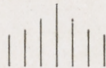
(Continued)

ALFRED MIDDLEMISS: His are the quiet steeps of dreamland,
The waters of no more pain;
Then the dulcet tones of the bell intrude,
And its up and to work again.

SYLVIA McMILLAN: Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight, too, her dusky hair.

DOREEN BAYLEY: Our advertising manager—is herself, the best of advertisement for the Y.C.I.

FRED WILLIAMS: Works hard and plays hard—the acme of efficiency, fervor and zeal.



Form 4b

MARGARET GUY: Margaret is a very timid girl from the outside, but when you get to know her, she just can't be beaten for her wit and readiness. Ambition—to keep a home for stray cats. Favorite dish—olives. Favorite saying—"Isn't that swell."

BETTY BISSETT: Betty's mind is always drifting west. She is one of the smarter students and specializes in mathematics.

META PACHAL: Meta is here because she's here. Her favorite saying is, "Let's quit school." Meta's main job is looking for her gloves.

ANNE GULKA: Anne is just a regular kid. She is quite a talking machine—a clever one, too. Anne wants to be an air stewardess.

LYDIA KATELNIKOFF: Lydia is the redeemer of 4-B's basketball and hockey teams.

MAUREEN GIBSON: Maureen is our faithful room representative. She seems to fall naturally to that post. Maureen is on the jolly side and she makes good use of that valuable instrument—the tongue.

ALVINA LETWIN: Is one of 4-B's smarter students. She is good in nearly all the class subjects but she excels in Trig. She doesn't miss much of the fun going on around her corner though.

ALICE RIBCHESTER: A meek little student of 4-B until it comes to Biology period. Alice always has her homework done—thank goodness!

NELLIE MOSTOWAY: Nellie's that clever brunette. She is a Calder girl. She is one of those who takes it all in—you can guess her ambition—it's to be a teacher.

Form 4c

(Continued)

THELMA PATTON: Came to us from Bredenbury. Her wavy blonde hair is the envy of us all. She is a daughter of the prairies and her chief enjoyment is cantering over the plains on her pony.

AUDREY WEST: She is tall and friendly and a crack speller. She looks like the perfect secretary, and her desire is to travel around the world. Bon voyage, Audrey.

DIANA PRIESTLY: 4-C's vivacious red-head. Time waits for no man—but, when she and Ruth get talking, Mr. Wigmore certainly waits for Diana.

MARION YAREMKO: Very little, very energetic, and does she love shorthand!

EILEEN MORRISON: A tiny parcel of vivacious laughter and fun—big brown eyes and—oh yes—beautifully dark, naturally curly hair.

VERNON MILLER: He is the typical hard-working scholar. Vernon in 1960—editor of one of Canada's largest and most progressive newspapers!

RITA FISHER: Petite, low-voiced and appealing—she conquers her teachers with a winning smile.

LAWRENCE WEIDMAN: Our tall, athletic business executive of the future—perhaps!

MARY HALLIDAY: Mary is kind-hearted and obliging, and if she can't understand why you debit instead of credit—well, that's not her worry! Ambition—to forsake her typewriter for an aeroplane, and become the owner of—(yes, that's what I said!)—a farm!

BARBARA LANGLEY: Barbara loses things. It is nothing to hear her inquiring at the office for a pen, shorthand text, pencil and ledger.

ALICE MILLS: What she likes most in school—spare period from 9 to 9.30 a.m. Occupation therein—talking to her neighbor about certain exciting events—past, present and future.

HELEN MALLOFF: She breezes in with a cheerful greeting and a bright smile. She radiates friendship and goodwill. Her ambition—to increase her typewriting speed.

MARJORIE MATTHEWS: Duff sent dark, pretty Marjorie to us. She is full of fun and clever, too. Her trial balances actually balance!

MADELINE SCHELLER: Her one ambition—to get curly hair. Did you ever try eating crusts, Madeline,

ENID MARKHAM: Ash-blonde hair—cool and reserved.

Form 3b

(Continued)

OPAL POHL: Ambition is to get her A.T.C.M. and to teach music. Opal has the unusual hobby of keeping pet deer on the farm.

MARY PATZERNUK: is a smiling brunette. We hear that Mary's interest is no longer in her home town but has switched to the air force in Edmonton.

VIOLA ZIOLKOWSKI: comes from Lemberg. We see Viola in the future as a school marm. She enjoys bicycle riding and fancy work.

DORIS KATZBERG: Beautiful but dumb certainly does not hold for Doris, for she is beautiful and also one of the brightest students in 3-B.

ERIC TOTH: Is the boy whose hair is the envy of all the girls. His ambition is to be a scientist and if good marks indicate anything we are sure he will succeed.

RUTH RUDIGER: Comes all the way from Prince Albert. She is quite ambitious and wants to fly high as an aviatrix. She likes music and the movies.

FLORA MacLEAY: Thinks it would be exciting to be a cowgirl. She likes horseback riding. Her chief ambition is to be heard over the radio.

BARBARA MacKENZIE: Is another one of 3-B's blonde girls. She is seldom seen without Mae. Her ambition is to be a stenographer.

DOUGLAS BRICE: Alias "Fanny." He is 3-B's 5 foot 10 of sunshine. He spends most of the winter curling.

MARGARET BLOMMAERT: Is a blue-eyed blonde Belgian lass. She is a newcomer and has won many friends in the Y.C.I. We can't imagine her without that giggle.

ALICE HEBERT: Orcadia's loss is 3-B's gain. Her chief occupation is trying to stay awake. Her ambition so far is to be a nurse. Good luck, Alice.

GENEVIE YAREMCHUK: Supplies one-quarter of the brain power in 3-B. No one understands Genevieve because she thinks chemistry is fun. She is a star volley-ball player.

ELIZABETH FEDORUK: Hails from Rhein. Her chief concern seems to be the state her hair is in. She is one of the few industrious ones in the room. She would like to be a nurse.

METRO ROMANIUK: Comes from Hamton. He is quite bashful, maybe that is because so many girls sit near him. Anyway he always closes the window for them.

NORMA GATES: A short dark-haired girl from Sturgis. Her chief pastime seems to be poking other people to hear them say "Ouch." Chief interest is centred around Springside.

MAXIM MACKOWETSKY: Is a very quiet lad from Jedburgh. He is very ambitious and does fairly well at school. His favorite sport is softball.

GEORGE SEREDA: Comes from Jedburgh. He doesn't seem to mind homework. Likes the Y.C.I. His ambition is to become a second "Dizzy Dean."

EDITH SURGESON: Is a tall, slim, blonde. Her chief interest—anything outside of school. Her ambition is to be a nurse. We know she will make a good one.

FLORINE MASON: Nickname—"honey." Chief aim in life is to marry and make some man miserable. (Why? Don't ask us.) Her pastimes—drinking "cokes" and dreaming about Melville.

IRENE SHARROCK: Comes from south of Yorkton. She is an all around good sport with a smile for everyone. Her ambition is to be a stenographer.

LILLIAN PROKOPIUK: Is a newcomer from Burgis. Her favorite sport is skating and her ambition is to be a nurse.

VICTORIA DEMCHUK: Also comes from Burgis. Her favorite sport is bicycle riding and her ambition is to be a teacher.

EDITH GOULDEN: Comes from Ebenezer. She likes the Y.C.I. and wants to be a teacher. She enjoys skating and softball.

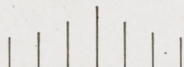
ROSE ZULYNIAC: Tall, blue-eyed "brownnette." What would 3-B's basketball team do without Rose as guard. Rose in the future—a white-clad nurse.

ROBERTA GIBSON: Is 3-B's little girl, so she can't be the one that makes all the noise in that corner,—or can she? She is a lot of fun and grins her way out of all difficulties.

MARY WASYLIW: Hails from Donwell. We advise Mary not to sit in the range of the puck at hockey games after this.

MERLE WARD: Is a tiny blue-eyed blonde. Pet saying—"Please, teacher, I'm Merle." Merle really excels on the dance floor. You should just see her "jit."

- JOHN FISHER:** 3-B would be the apple of the teacher's eye if it were not for the clicking of John's ink-well. His aim in life is to master all his geometry questions.
- RALPH PRUDEN:** Is general stooge at Tucker's Drug Store. Ralph sets the men's fashions in 3-B. He is another of our future sailors.
- MAE MEEK:** Is a tall "brownette" who is seldom seen without Barbara. She enjoys hockey. Her ambition is to be a stenographer.
- ARVILLA GENDUR:** Is so tiny that she almost isn't there. She hails from Rocky Dell. Her ambition is to become a nurse. Good luck, Arvilla.
- NORA MYLES:** A blue-eyed blonde whose chief interest is a certain boy in the class. Nora loves all birds especially sparrows. Her favorite pastime is practicing on the violin.
- ZONIA HUMENIUK:** Pet aversion—work. Her ambition is to live in Regina; we really don't know why. Her pastimes are sleeping and chewing gum.
- RUTH DULMAGE:** Is 3-B's most active girl. She takes part in all the sports and Lits. Ruth often daydreams. We wonder if a certain boy in 3-A has anything to do with it.
- ANN NIKOTA:** Pet aversion—chemistry. She likes the Y.C.I. She likes dancing and would rather do that than History and Geometry. Can't say we blame you, Anne.
- OSCAR SCHMULAND:** Sits way at the back of the room (lucky kid). Is rather shy but very industrious. Judging from his marks. He comes from Dunleath.
- FLORENCE JAQUES:** Is a quiet lass who comes from Dunleath. Florence must enjoy school because she is going to be a teacher. She also likes dancing.
- VINONA HOFFMANN:** Her ambition is to be a school teacher. She is interested in music and likes living on the farm. She also likes to yodel.
- MILTON REUSCH:** Is 3-B's tall, dark and handsome. His chief interest is a certain nurse. We hope this doesn't discourage the 3-B girls. We hear he is going to be a doctor.

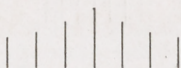


Form 3a

(Continued)

- WESLEY FENSON:** Another "one-man team" who figures that he can play hockey. That's just a matter of opinion. (Don't take this to heart, it's only in fun).
- WILLIAM FLEMING:** Five feet, two and one half inches of flourishing boyhood. Likes to converse with the female sex. Why? We don't know; you had better ask Bill himself.
- WALTER FALWARCZNY:** Tall, medium complexion. Ambition—to be a professional baseball pitcher.
- JOYCE GRAZIER:** She comes to school wondering if the bell has gone. Whew! What a relief to find that it is still two minutes to nine.
- GEORGE KOZMECH:** Six feet of muscle. He is one of our rough and ready rugby players.
- PETER KOROLUK:** Ambition—to get his chores done on time—not school chores either.

- RITA LOWE: She sits on the side of the room that the boys occupy. She says it is warmer over there.
- EDDIE MIKKELSON: 3-A's "side-splitter." He makes the girls blush, and the boys roar with laughter.
- IVAN MARTIN: The Collegiate's pure-bred stock raiser, or what have you.
- THELMA MYERS: The proud possessor of powerful lungs, judging by the amount of noise that comes from her. Blue uniforms seem to be her latest interest.
- DIANA MILLS: Wants to have the desk renovated to accommodate long legs. Ambition: To have a red coupe.
- MARGARET MARUSHECHKA: She wants to be a French teacher—just to get her own back and hand out a few hours herself.
- BUD MILLER: Wandering nomad of the Y.C.I. Confided in me that he liked Algebra best. I wonder?
- KENT MATHESON: Now here's a lady-killer. He is called the Romeo of 3-A. I don't know how he does it.
- WILFRED QUINN: One of the bad boys of 3-A. His ambition is to be a full-fledged delivery boy.
- ROY ROBINSON: Blonde giant and a basketball wizard to boot.
- MARILYN REUSCH: Her ambition is to be a red-head and an opera singer. She's our athletic rep.
- GLEN ROSCH: Slap-happy student of 3-A. Is a genius now. Why? Because he can figure out his own Algebra!
- NORMAN ROSCH: One of the innumerable Rosch boys was telling me his ambition was to be a storekeeper.
- BRUCE STEWART: One-man team of 3-A still tries to get the girls' attention by asking not too clever questions.
- VICTOR SMALL: One of the mad scientists of 3-A. Will some day be competition for Einstein himself. We wish him luck.
- DAVE SUMMERS: Brilliant student of everything from soup to nuts. His ambition is to see if his dad's car can take off.
- RUTH SEGAL: (Not Sea-gull, please). Her ambition is to be a band leader when she gets a band. Poor band members.
- DOROTHY SHARPE: Great pianist of 3-A.
- SARA WOLINSKY: Her ambition is to be a "blues" singer. She sits in the front of the room, so that she can keep an eye on the teacher or vice versa. And brother, look out for her—I know!

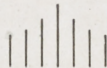


Form 2a

(Continued)

- JIM WATERMAN: When the pitter-patter of busy little feet is heard, we know it's Jim with his size 11 tops.
- CHRISTINE KURLYUK: "Chris." is star baseball player of 2-A. Chris. is always smiling and is a lot of fun.
- GRAYDON CARPENTER: 2-A's master mind and little bright boy.
- AISLA LOGAN: "La Logan." Thinks the Y.C.I. should have a dean—(You know the ones they have in College?)
- KEITH GRAZIER: A child of the manse—so judge accordingly.
- NANCY MacKENZIE: Alias "Mac." Nancy is a bookworm and what a lovely worm she is too.
- ERIC NURSE: Nearly always in the dark room, but that's where he develops (pictures).

- PAULA MALLOFF: Is very backward at coming forward (so she sits at the back of the room). French favorite subject—I wonder why?
- ELMER PACHAL: Has anybody seen Elmer?—(Working?)
- MARGARET MATHESON: Her hobby is dreaming and Marg. certainly makes a lovely dream.
- JOE HEINTZ: "Slugger Joe," with tennis balls.
- RUTH McGLASHAN: A steady worker. If she were any steadier she'd be standing still.
- LOUIS KNOLL: "Oh—I'm an old cow hand."
- MAUREEN McMINN: 2-A's pretty nightingale, but she has an Irish temper to go with it.
- PAT LARSON: 2-A's "woo slinger." Has a thin veneer of quietness.
- GRACE OWEN: You can certainly tell she's new in our room—she's quiet. One girl who does not have the "gift of gab."
- BETTY PARCHER: All's very quiet around her until the teacher leaves. then—hold on girls, here comes Betty with some more news.
- ELDINE PEPPE: Eldine's little cough even wakes Mr. Armstrong in the first period every morning.
- GUTIE POLSKY: Telling jokes is her hobby—laughs hardest at them herself. But she is happy in her "own little way." Likes Regina—Who lives in Regina, Gutie?
- MARY SOPINKA: Has a smile for everyone (even before exams) and especially when sporting that new reversible coat.
- LAURA SCHOLLIE: An all around sport. Gets to school first, so she won't miss any work. (??)
- PEGGY SPICE: Shines in Physics and Latin with her 95's. Also one of our fancy skating stars.
- BETTY THOMSON: The ideal student. A teacher's dream (Yeah, nightmare.) Best subjects are P.T. and "Art."
- ELEANOR TRIPP: The smallest girl in the room (and that rule about good things in small packages still holds good).
- LEE WOOD: This red-headed lassie, if needed, can always be found in the hall with the boys.
- EDITH WOODHAM: Jitterbugging is her dish. Is usually mixed up in triangle affairs.



Form 2b

(Continued)

- FRED NIMICK: Set him on a typewriter and you've got "Superman" speed. Pet dislike—Language on Monday morning or maybe its just a hang-over from Friday's teaching or Saturday's night school.
- DOREEN HICKEY: Ambition is to always be a step ahead of Sonja Heine.
- GORDON ERICKSEN: Notice to all glamor girls. Here's a determined woman-hater. Ambition—to be at school at least once before the second bell.
- LAURA HOODICOFF: She's "Yahoodie." Says she's learning to whip up a nice hot dinner for herself when her mother is away. (Could be, but we have other ideas about what that nice little dinner is for).
- VIOLET JASTER: Would make a nice chorus girl or model. Twenty years from now—walking down Park Avenue—mink coat, diamonds, all those things, and all her paintings on exhibition in the National Art Gallery.

LORRAINE GRUNERT: A newcomer to our room. Confidentially she wants to be a stenographer, but for who, is the question.

GEM SULLY: Geometry genius—and in practically anything else. Hails from Saltcoats.

LYDIA ROGAN: Another whiz in everything but History (so she says). Would make an efficient secretary.

JOEL ROSCH: Napoleon was a small man too, so don't worry Joel. Maybe if you keep eating spinach regularly you'll grow an inch or two.

RUTH TECKLENBURG: Has two ambitions. Will be satisfied if either come true. One is to own a cattle ranch in Texas (don't fool yourself—all the Texas Rangers don't look like Garry Cooper). The other is to become a member of Mickey Rooney's jam session.

1a Splash

(Continued)

DONALD MATHESON: Here is the 1-A athlete. He's even more popular than Clark Gable. Pastime: talking to the girls. Favorite expression—(censored).

GEORGE McKENZIE: Ambition—to have the teacher obey the motto, "We sleep, wake us not."

EDWARD McKENZIE: Here is one of the smaller members of our class. He and Gordon do a lot of talking.

JEAN McLEOD: Favorite saying, "Good Gravy." Pastime—Talking across the aisle to Nettie.

MARGARET McCORD: Ambition—to be a nurse. Her philosophy is "Smile and and the world smiles with you." Pastime—checking math. answers with Ruby.

JOYCE MEYER: Favorite saying—"Good Night." Pastime—writing notes to Marion Wellwood.

HENRY MOE: Great friend of the dog which used to come in to 1-A. Pastime—patting Ashley on the back for saying smart things.

JOAN NEAL: Pastime—writing notes to Joyce. Favorite expression—"Oh Castle-den."

RUTH NEELIN: One of the "Three Musketeers." Ambition—nursing; trade mark—pure. Doesn't do much talking. "Like her?" Sure.

ASHLEY PACHAL: Favorite saying—"Now listen here, I want to tell you something." Pastime—keeping 1-A girls away from his desk. He says they bother him.

MARGARET RENNIE: Quiet and unassuming. but who knows what lies beneath her quiet nature. "Still waters run deep."

GORDON ROSCH: Favorite saying, "I don't know." Ambition—to agree with Mrs. Stein for once.

RUBY RUSSELL: This girl hails from Rokeby. Favorite song: "I'm Nobody's Baby." Weakness—dances.

NETTIE SAWCHUK: Ambition—to be a nurse. With all the nurses of 1-A we could start a hospital. Nettie and Jean McLeod have daily conversations.

LEONA SCHMIDT: Favorite saying: "Oh, fine." Ambition—to be a concert violinist. We think she'll succeed. Pastime—Keeping all the boys in that corner in check.

MERVYN SHNIDER: Favorite saying—"Is that so?" Pastime—copying Ashley's Literature notes.

LUCILLE FEINGOLD: Pastime—making eyes at the boys. Favorite saying—
“Don’t ask me.”

SHIRLEY FEINGOLD: Pet peeve “Ashley.”

ERNEST FEDRYK: Ambition—to drop French. Pastime—sleeping. Favorite saying—unprintable.

JOYCE GRUNERT: Here’s another who’s had the measles. If silence was gold—she’d be a multi-millionaire. Ambition—to erase the saying, “We can’t hear you.”

LLOYD HARRIS: Lloyd is very quiet but after all he is right beside our teacher’s desk.

WILMA LANGRILL: One of the “Three Musketeers.” Ambition—to be a nurse. Pastime—warding off measles, colds, etc. Wilma has a weakness for fancy skating.

HARLEY LARGE: Pastime—“slugging” Bill Dicker. When Harley’s around you know silence will not reign.

ARNOLD LOWDEN: Favorite expression—“Goody, goody, goody.” Arnold is our room representative and a capable one too. Pastime—fighting with Leona.

ENID MAGRATH: Ambition—nurse. Pastime—Guides. Sure and she’s Irish, and proud of it. Favorite expression—“Begorrah.”

GERALDINE STEIN: Favorite saying—“Well, you don’t tell me.” Pastime—listening to Walter Baldwin’s flattery.

JEAN SMITH: “I haven’t got a favorite expression but I’ve got an ambition.” Pastime—talking to Donald Stephen.

DONALD STEPHEN: Our Latin wizard. How do you do it Donald?. He’s not very big but he can beat most of us at that ancient language.

MARGUERITE STEWART: Ambition—to be a night club singer. Favorite saying—“It’s a great life if you don’t weaken.”

PETER STOUT: His name isn’t very appropriate; neither is the noise in that corner, but he is in on it.

MARGARET TEDESCHI: Ambition—to get into 1-B without getting kicked out. She says she is going to hire a hair dresser to do her hair every morning if she can’t get better co-operation from the 1-A girls.

EDWIN WATERMAN: Pastime—talking to Nettie Sawchuk. This boy is small, but he is in that noisy corner and he is not very quiet.

EVELYN SILZER: As Evelyn says, “Don’t you be forgetting.” Her ringlets are popular with everybody. She usually sneaks in just before the bell.

PETER CAREY: Suggested that 1-A’s room yell be “Booooo” but the idea was voted down.

JOYCE CARLSON: Ambition—to be a second Florence Nightingale. She’s one of the “Three Musketeers.” She, too, has had the measles.

BLANCHE CHRISTIE: Favorite expression—“I’m through with all men forever.” Ambition—to be a nun (a nun she says). Pastime—going on blind dates.

MARION FICHTNER: Ambition—to drop French. Pastime—sleeping. Favorite saying—not to be repeated.

ROBERT CLARK: Pastime—looking up long words to use in a speech if Mrs. Stein asks him to give one.

BILL DICKER: Pastime—slugging Harley Large. He is one of the noise-makers of that corner famed for noise. He owns the room's mascot.

SAM ESOPENKO: Pastime—winking at a certain dark haired girl on the other side of the room. Ambition—to get an elevator installed in the Y.C.I.

Form 1b

(Continued)

ROSENE HEMRICK: Noted for her big brown eyes. May be a second Dorothy Lamour some day. Who knows?

PEGGY YEATMAN: Some day her Prince will come.

BOB FISHER: You'll see him flying high, wide and handsome in a Spitfire in a few years.

HARVEY KRAMER: The little blonde boy with a big natural wave.

ARNOLD JASTER: The little lad that can talk everywhere at once.

ISABEL FERGUSON: She is the little girl who is seen, but not heard. Her ambition—to become a nurse in the Queen Victoria Hospital.

LILLIAN MOROSOFF: Her policy is, "Better late than never." She is 1-B's "heart-breaker" with beautiful hair and sparkling blue eyes.

WALTER SCHAAN: He's a boy in a million with well-groomed hair.

HILBERT WEIDMAN: His ambition is to see how many pencils he can cut away with a razor blade. Our regular mathematician.

MURIEL BOTHERWAY: The receiving end when paper starts flying.

WALTER SEDLICK: He possesses a good portion of 1-B's mathematical brains.

RAYMOND HODSON: The boy that's the answer to a maiden's prayer.

IRENE SEABORNE: She's very quiet until she begins tuning her fiddle.

BRUCE SMITH: The clever boy that blushed his way to room rep.

RONALD ROGERS: Sober, steadfast, handsome, quiet and unassuming, but well liked by everyone.

RODERICK MacMILLIN: Rod's the type of fellow who makes a perfect Romeo, you know—tall, dark and handsome.

PETER KRAMER: One of the quietest, but far from the least important, in 1-B.

EDNA KURLICK: A steady worker, but certainly no believer in the maxim, "Silence is golden."

WILLIAM ANDRUSIAK: The little lad with a big heart and great ambition. GORDON BECK: Work and play don't mix well together, so why work?

HUGH BETTS: The boy that's a heart-breaker with dark sparkling eyes, well groomed hair, full of fun, and always polite.

AGNES PRIES: Calm, studious and wise, with a stenographer's position in the near future. Best of luck, Agnes, old "kid."

MARY DOLNEY: We really made a good choice, when we chose Mary as our athletic representative.

MURIEL OSBORNE: The girl with the dreamy eyes. Our genius who gives good lectures and reads better.

TONGUE TWISTERS:

A skunk sat on a stump. The skunk thunk, the stump stunk, and the stump thunk, the skunk stunk.

Lee Ling, laundryman, lingered long lest lingerie lose loveliness.

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Canada at War . . .

(Continued)

Canadians, unable to offer their lives because of physical handicaps or age limitations are giving their financial support to further the war that will stamp out Hitler and his "ism." This is done by way of War Savings Certificates and War Savings Stamps. Campaigns in every principal city in Canada have been conducted to help in the financial burdens of our great country. Workers, students, doctors, lawyers—in fact all classes of men, women and children have pledged their financial resources in order that the British Commonwealth of Nations may carry on.

Ye Editor Crashes Gate

The editor stood at the pearly gate,
 His face was worn and old,
 He meekly asked the man of fate
 Admission to the fold.

"What have you done?" St. Peter asked,
 "To seek admission here?"

"Oh, I ran the Collegiate Year Book
 On earth, one student year."

The gate swung sharply open
 As Peter touched the bell.

"Come in," he said, "And take a harp,
 You've had enough of—trouble."

(With apologies to Forest Free Press)

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Mr. Cromie: "Son, what's the idea of arriving home from school so early?"

Dave: "Come, come, Father, what does it usually mean when I arrive home before the Collegiate closes?"



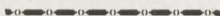
TO THE JUNIORS . . .

A lot of people today are inclined to wait at the bottom of the ladder of success hoping that the elevator will come along and save them from the climb.

Editor's Note.—See article: "A Freshette's Impression of Collegiate."

Priscilla: "Those airforce boys' moustaches make me laugh."

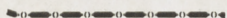
Diana: "They tickle me too!"



Dave: "Since I met you I can't sleep, I can't eat, I can't drink."

Nora: (Shyly)—"And why not?"

Dave: "'Cause I'm broke."



Mr. Penny—(Physics period, 4-A): "Now class, watch the board while I go through it again."

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The average girl seems to carry almost everything in her vanity case except a broom and duster.

Any man who can sit between two women through a long dinner and not make one of them angry is a wonder.

Mr. Tallant: "How many subjects are you carrying?"

Albert: "I'm carrying one, and dragging the rest behind."

Beware of the man that slaps you on the back. He may be trying to ascertain if the coin jingles in your pocket.

Miss McLellan: "What pupil was so rude as to laugh out loud?"

Morris: "I laughed up my sleeve but there's a hole in the elbow."

Edith: "What would you do if someone was dying for a kiss?"

Jack: "Render first-aid."

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"Where can a man buy a cap for his knee,
Or a key to the lock of his hair?
Can his eyes be called an academy
Because there are pupils there?"

"In the crown of his head what gems are found?
Who crosses the bridge of his nose?
Can he use, when shingling the roof of his house,
The nails at the ends of his toes?"

"Can the crook of his elbow be sent to jail?
If so, what can he do?
How does he sharpen his shoulder blades?
Oh no, I don't know . . . do you?"

"Can he sit in the shade of the palm of his hands,
Or beat on the drum of his ear?
Does the calf of his leg eat the corn of his toes?
If so, why not grow corn on the ear?"

A Blessing? . . .

They were entertaining the vicar at lunch and the guest remarked to the small son of the house, "Don't you ever say prayers before your meals, child?"

"Oh, no," said the youngster. "Dad says our cook's pretty reliable."

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Autographs

"And what is writ is writ:
Would it were worthier."

—Byron.

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